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AUGUST 24, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 8

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Journalist H.L. Mencken once wrote that his native Baltimore looked "like the ruins of a once-great medieval city." To the TIME staffers who worked on this week's cover story about Developer James Rouse and Baltimore's urban renaissance, Survival City (as it is sometimes called) had clearly come a long way since Mencken's day. New York Bureau Chief Peter Stoler, who made frequent trips to Baltimore's Johns Hopkins School of Medicine from 1970 to 1975 as TIME's Medicine writer, returned last week to meet with Rouse Co. officials and spend an evening with Rouse at his home in Columbia, Md. Says Stoler: "Jim Rouse loves the town and feels, with good reason, that what he has done there has succeeded. It is hard to spend any time with him and not share his enthusiasm." Reporter-Researcher Robert Grieves spent six days in the city talking with politicians, lawyers, journalists and city planners. Says he: "Baltimore used to be a dingy industrial city with uninspiring weather. Rouse and his people have managed to change everything except the weather."

For TIME Photographer Ted Thai, Baltimore's new image posed an unusual challenge. Because the new National Aquarium was so well integrated into its surroundings that it "blended into the background," Thai used ten tungsten floodlights to illuminate the 157-ft. building and shot the picture at night. "We made the building glow like a huge lantern," says Thai. "When the architect saw it he was thrilled."

Demarest and Grieves with Baltimore poster

Senior Editor Christopher Porterfield, who edited the story, recalls visiting East Baltimore Street's notorious "Block" while stationed near by in the Army in 1960—but Senior Writer Michael Demarest, who wrote the story, can top that. His memories of the city date back to 1943, when his Liberty ship stopped there for a few days to load tanks for Europe. "It was a marvelous, sleazy sailor's town," he says. This time around, Demarest spent four days talking with shoppers, tourists and shopkeepers in and around Harborplace. His conclusion: "Baltimore has gone from being a kind of national joke to a major tourist attraction, a city that can rightfully take pride in itself. The spirit of cooperation is almost unparalleled in America. Baltimore gives hope to all of us who believe that our destiny lies in our cities."

John a. Meyer

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when I planned to **retire before fifty**

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money Duraclean gave me the opportunity for financial security... In eight years I sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport — golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company — wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, only $2,988 starts a Duraclean dealership, and the company will finance the balance of the $9,987 cash investment over 45 months.) I could work it as a one-man business to start, and operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead, no salaries to pay. Equipment would fit in my car trunk. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) Best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible — I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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Letters

Royal Wedding

To the Editors:

While it was the wedding of the century ["Magic in the Daylight," Aug. 3], it was more than a ceremony. It was a healthy display of the monarchy. As an American, I still find royalty's mystery captivating and its majesty enchanting.

Theresa L. Thayer
Detroit

It was a good show. Now back to the world of 4 million unemployed, the Northern Ireland debacle and riots in the streets. Solve them. That would be what I would call a really good show.

Philip Schacca
West Hempstead, N.Y.

When one is tired of London, and all its pomp, pageantry and princely people —one is tired of life. Long live the monarchy!

Robert K. Adams
Philadelphia

Twenty-five million dollars invested in the monarchy produces $640 million in business? Where can we hire a Prince of Wales?

Wylie Jordan, M.D.
Austin

Imagine such pomp and circumstance for two people of dull intellect and no accomplishments! It is time the modern world realized the ridiculousness of monarchies. Prince Charles' and Lady Diana's sole achievement is having been born into royal and noble families.

William J. Poulin Jr.
Boston

When I was just a little girl, I asked my mother, "Shall I be pretty like Diana and marry a prince, or shall I be smart and become a judge like Sandra?" She answered, "Be pretty and smart and become a legal secretary."

Beverly Easter
Colton, Calif.

Watching Watt

According to your story "A Watt That Produces Steam" [Aug. 3], White House aides believe that James Watt's difficulties "stem more from style than substance." How would a mere change of style help protect our environment from Watt's narrow, future-be-damned attitude?

Linda D. Frugé
Turlock, Calif.

Secretary of the Interior Watt says that he doesn't "believe government should stand in the way of the free market." The notion of a free market first and the environment second creates the illusion that human beings are on this planet as landlords, not boarders. Such an anthropocentric view can only result in disaster. Government intervention is far preferable to the lack of concern for the environment that has been demonstrated by the free market.

Michael P. Ripple
Somerville, Mass.

If I have to pay higher gasoline and home heating oil prices next year, I, along with many other Americans, am going to blame the Sierra Club, the Friends of the Earth and the National Wildlife Federation.

John M. Kuhn, M.D.
Wausau, Wis.

Lawyers' Largesse

Regarding lawyers' "Fat Fees" [July 27], I am a lawyer in one of Minneapolis' finest firms. Considering my education, talents, reponsibilities and how hard I work, I believe that my pay so far has been on the low side. Perhaps you might set the record straight by emphasizing that the top people in any field should make a very good living. That's the American way and the consumer gets his money's worth nine times out of ten.

Elizabeth W. Norton
Minneapolis

In my association with lawyers, I have discovered four common characteristics: rudeness, arrogance, unprofessionalism and greed. The last characteristic, and not overhead, is the reason for their high fees.

John A. Welsh
Livermore, Calif.

Drinks for the Road

I would like to thank the organizers of MADD and RID ["They're MADD as Hell," Aug. 3]. Seven years ago, my older brother was critically and permanently injured in an automobile accident caused by an intoxicated driver. In addition, one person was killed and five were hurt. The individual responsible sustained no injuries and is still driving.

Elizabeth Gotthard Nathans
Pipersville, Pa.

The Finns have taken strong measures toward solving their drunk-driving problem. They sentence anyone caught behind the wheel who shows evidence of alcohol to several months in prison. When will we learn, as Finland has, that we should keep those who have had any alcoholic drink off the road?

Ede D. Baldridge
Fairfield, Conn.

As the 17-year-old daughter of a truck owner-operator, I would like to clarify that "an intoxicated trucker" is a rarity. Statistics prove that in the majority of cases the main problem is not drinking truckers but intoxicated car drivers.

Torie Norberg
Lindsborg, Kans.

My best friend was 13 years old when she was killed by a drunk driver. I hope that the offenders never let themselves off the way the judges do. I am bitter because not only did they take my friend's life, but they also took a great deal of my own life.

Anna Ullrich
Mahwah, N.J.

Paroling a Murderer

The case of Jack Henry Abbott ["In the Belly of the Beast," Aug. 3] proves that rehabilitation is a misunderstood word. According to one definition, it means "to return to a former way of life." Abbott stands as an example of the American penal nightmare.

Chuck Singleton
Pensacola, Fla.

Several years ago, I was chief of psychiatry at a federal penitentiary. I learned then that unless people with violent backgrounds gain insight into the cause of their problems, their explosive tendencies will remain. Prison walls, although unpleasant, can control these proclivities. Unfortunately, parole boards usually look at the time served and the good behavior. They do not determine if an inmate understands and has command of his actions. The result is that people are paroled who still have a strong bent for crime.

Alan H. Peck, M.D.
Baltimore

Jack Henry Abbott's release from prison is living proof that a criminal's lot can sometimes depend upon the wealth and importance of the people he knows. It would be entirely fitting for Norman Mailer to be tried as an accessory in the murder of Richard Adan and for the parole personnel to serve the balance of Abbott's term.

Neil R. Ayer
Boston

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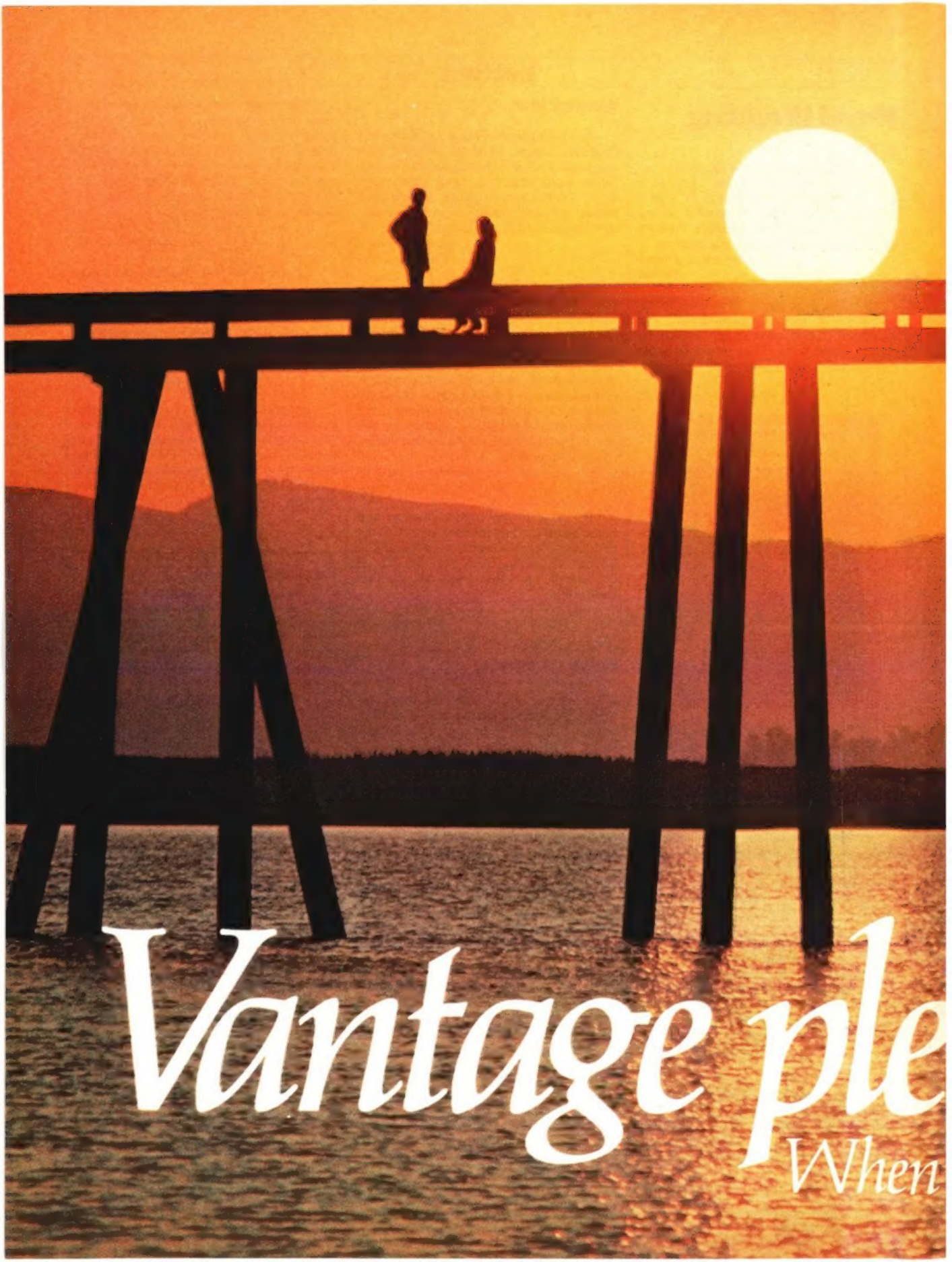
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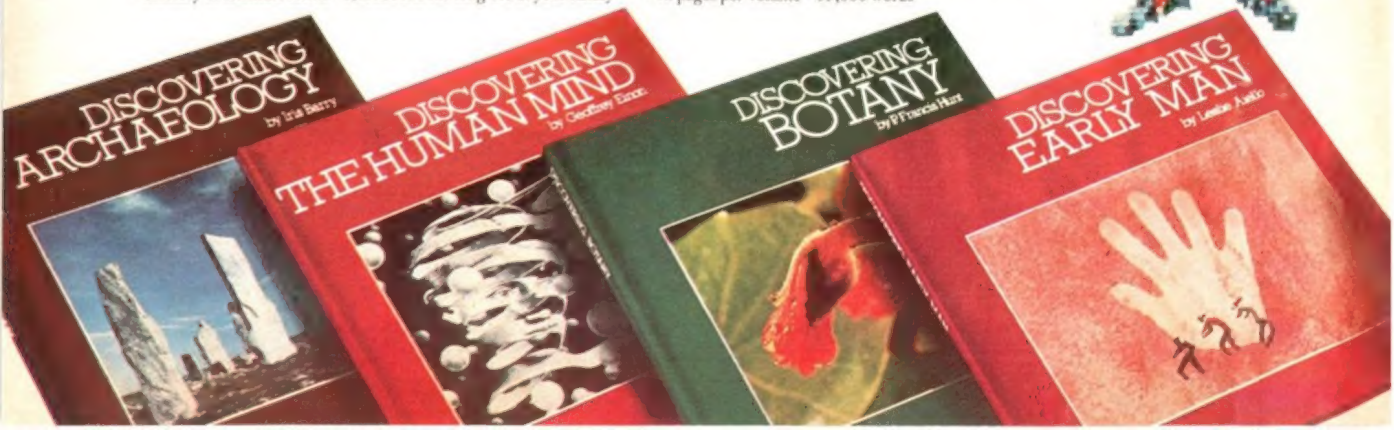

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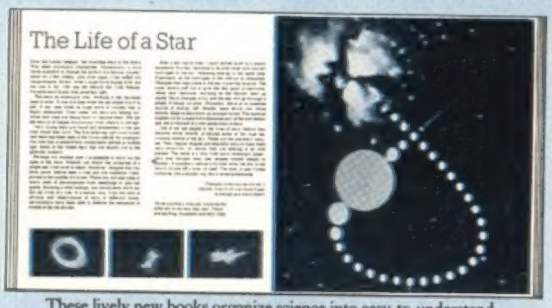

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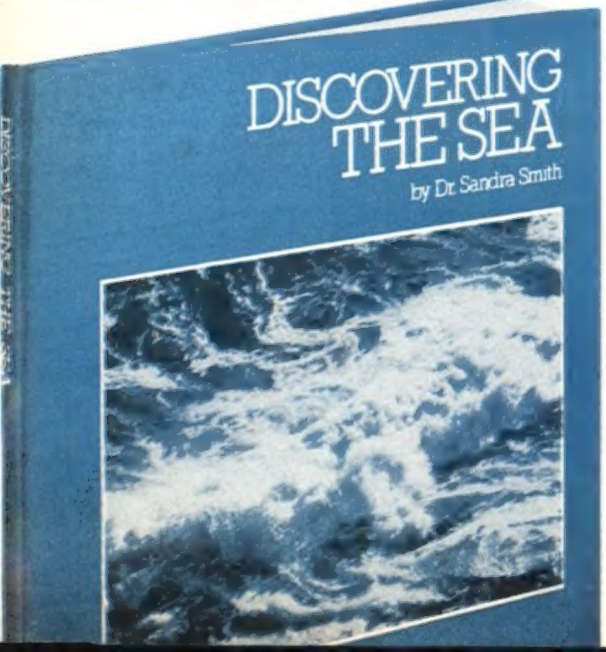

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As an eerie fog rolls in at Rancho del Cielo, the President signs the largest budget and tax cuts in U.S. history

TIME AUGUST 24, 1981

Ahhhhhh Wilderness!

Meanwhile back at the ranch, Reagan takes it easy—and why not?

True to his word, Ronald Reagan has taken the government out of Washington and restored it to the states. At least he has done so for the month of August by restoring himself to California where, except for signing his tax and budget bills last Thursday and preparing for major meetings on defense and the budget next week, he will behave like most governments and do essentially nothing. Moreover, he will do it for 28 days, as he rides Jeep and horse about his 688 craggy acres in the Santa Ynez Mountains, his Rancho del Cielo, 2,200 ft. into the cielo, splitting firewood, clearing brush, ogling stars. A pleasant image for the public to dwell on, but it also raises some questions and a bit of a stir: Is so long a holiday fitting and proper for a President, the leader of the free world? Can Washington survive without being the center of Government for so long a stretch? Is there life without news?

It helps that the nation is asking these questions at a time of year when it is otherwise busy squinting up at tennis lobs, lolling in cocoa butter and perfecting curvature of the spine cocooned in hammocks. August is more a hiatus than a month, and the level of public anxiety ordinarily settles on such problems as whether the inner side of one's forearm is as tan as the outer. Still, some of the issues suggested by Reagan's holiday are real, especially as they involve policy matters. This has hardly been a languid summer season so far, what with the air-traffic controllers' strike and the resurrection of the neutron bomb. The problems attending these matters have no Rancho del Cielo to escape to; and one must wonder if the nation can really be steered from the saddle

Not that the citizenry begrudges its head of state a bit of a rest. James Thurber said that "it is better to have loafed and lost than never to have loafed at all," but Reagan seems to have lost nothing in public esteem by taking time off. In fact such behavior is tacitly expected of him. Not only is a long vacation consistent with his political philosophy of governing best by governing least; it is also part of the *modus operandi* he established as California's Governor: in by 9, out by 5. If Reagan has mastered one art in life, it is that of relaxing. He is relaxed talking to television cameras. He is relaxed striding in boots toward helicopters. He is relaxed entering a hospital lobby with a bullet in his chest. Taking a holiday comes as naturally to him as falling on a horse, because he is not merely a member of the leisure class, he is its most prominent spokesman, an embodiment in the public mind of the new American work ethic work some, play some

BRUCE HALSTEAD

His most approving spectator

Of course, had the fate of his tax and budget bills been worse, or had popular sympathy been on the traffic controllers' side and not on Reagan's, he clearly would not have felt quite so free to head for the hills of Rancho del Cielo. He might have done so in any case, but the political damage would have been noticeable. Since life has gone pretty much as he has asked it to of late, the only thing Reagan has suffered by taking his long holiday is the dim opinion of some professional observers. Louis Masotti, a professor of political sci-

ence at Northwestern University, complains: "We don't have a foreign policy, and the real issues of transportation, urban policy and open lands have not been addressed. I don't know how a President in this day and age can take a month off." Chicago's Studs Terkel describes Reagan's vacation as an insult to "working men and women." Indirectly he makes a point: this is the sort of thing that can turn on the President if his economic policies fail dramatically.

By taking so long a rest, Reagan distinguishes himself among world leaders. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher rarely gets away from it all for as long as ten days in Cornwall, where she relaxes among the rocks. President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines has not taken a real vacation in the past 16 years, perhaps because he has always claimed that no one can yet take his place, and does not wish to put the idea to a test. Even France's new President François Mitterrand is merely allowing himself a brief "breath of fresh air," thus violating the ancient French custom of abandoning Paris to the tourists for much of the summer. The Soviet Union's Leonid Brezhnev may take a lengthy holiday this year (last year he took just two weeks), at his dacha in the Crimea. But Brezhnev knows better than most the penalties for lollygagging at the wrong time. It was he who replaced Nikita Khruschev in 1964 when Khruschev himself was on vacation.

The President's sojourn may look a bit extravagant compared with those of fellow heads of state, but in terms of American history he is, as ever, a traditionalist. President Eisenhower took a 26-day holiday at the Newport, R.I., Naval Base in September 1957. Democrats used to chivy Republicans about Eisenhower's frequent golfing vacations as well, until they were reminded (by Republicans) that their own Harry Truman was no slouch in this realm, spending much time deep-sea fishing off Key West. Calvin Coolidge, too, used to vacation as often as possible (how could they tell?). The modern record is held by Richard Nixon, who enjoyed a 31-day holiday at San Clemente in 1969, although it is possible that 18½ minutes were unaccounted for.

Naturally, all these Presidents were at work on national business at the same time that they were dozing in the chaise. Everyone who comments on Reagan's lengthy retreat cautions that even when a President is relaxing, he is working like crazy. This is hardly startling news, since everybody gets some work done on extended holidays, along with a neurotic amount of fretting and phoning. In fact, compared with most American executives, Reagan enacts very little business while he is away. But he does have his routines: every morning National Security Adviser Richard Allen prepares a 20-page national security briefing in Washington where it is scrambled, telecopied and then unscrambled at the communications trailer behind the Reagan ranch house. Shortly before 8 a.m. the briefing paper is ready for the President. Aide Mike Deaver, who has scanned it, phones the ranch from the Santa Barbara Biltmore. Almost all information that reaches the President goes through Deaver, who screens out everything but the essentials. They speak for 15 to 20 minutes in the morning and again at lunchtime. Reagan approves a few appointments, mostly routine and obscure, and makes a few phone calls (last week to Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis on the air-controllers' strike, and to Philadelphia First Baseman Pete Rose on his breaking Stan Musial's National League record for total hits). That is about the extent of Reagan's workday.

SHELLY KATZ—BLACK STAR

Chief of Staff James Baker is off the hook, gone fishing in Texas . . .

Robert Benchley once made up a list of things to do when one wants to kill time. It included:

1) Rowing a rowboat without using the oarlocks.

2) Tooting an automobile horn in a stalled car.

3) Upsetting bookcases and then putting the books back in again, with each book opened at page 27.

4) Running just as fast as you can to the end of the room and back.

Reagan's vacation consists of none of these things. Instead of killing time, Reagan seems to fill it with the life he most enjoys. In the mornings he and Nancy ride horseback for a few hours, and in the afternoons he clears and cuts. Even with a retinue of aides and Secret Service men in constant attendance, he retains most of his privacy. Reagan's ranch is very much his world of values. It gives him solitude, independence, and a sense of making one's own way—he stacks all that wood for a house heated solely by wood.

Last Tuesday he altered his schedule by cleaning out his pond, "Lake Lucky." Wearing a pair of white trunks, he jumped into the lake (a sight to gladden a former air controller's heart), and spent 3½ hours wading in mud, pulling weeds. That is the President's idea of a good time —that or his other recent projects of framing a tack room for the horses and mending a fence. Still, Reagan's concept of a vacation also includes quieter things like noticing deer, listening to frogs and staring at the brilliant, spangled nights. Why anyone would choose such activities over munching canapes in the Hamptons is a mystery to many journalists, but then they have long found Reagan somewhat unreal.

Does the important business of Government get done during this idyll? So far, apparently. Reagan seemed generally on top of things at last Thursday's bill-signing press conference, that, largely because of an eerie mist that swirled about the ranch, was suf-

DIRCK HALSTEAD

. . . while reporters grow frantic for a glimpse of the news

fused with an air of cozy cordiality. Nancy Reagan, in jeans and cowboy hat, was uncommonly at ease with reporters. The President touched on all the major national and world worries about the air controllers' strike, the neutron bomb, Poland, the F-16s for Israel. This week Secretaries Caspar Weinberger of Defense and Alexander Haig of State will fly out for discussions on the future of the MX missile and the B-1 bomber. On Tuesday Reagan will meet with Office of Management and Budget Director David Stockman to discuss future cuts in federal spending. At the Biltmore, the executive offices of the President appear to be open for business, in spite of their luxurious location in three white adobe cottages beside a putting green. Two Marine guards in full dress uniform, including white gloves, indicate that Cottage Eight is the heart of the operation. Deaver explains that originally the Marines were posted for security, but now "they remind everyone that we're not on vacation."

Actually, there is no good reason for the Executive Branch of Government to be any more self-conscious about taking time off than either of the other two branches. The Supreme Court manages to flee Washington for the entire summer every year without a writ of apology, and Congress, as usual, has scattered until September. All this exiting has had a refreshing effect on life in the capital city, if not on its weather. Traffic flows; restaurants offer a table. The first drafts for all proposed budgets for FY 1983 are due at the Office of Management and Budget by Sept. 1, and that will keep several people at their desks in town. At the White House, Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese minds the mostly empty store. Reagan's other top aide, Chief of Staff James Baker, is gone fishing in Texas.

The question of whether Washington can survive with its main engine in neutral is far less urgent than whether reporters can survive a month without presidential news. One can only do so much with the story of the local rat carrying the bubonic plague, unless, of course, the plague recurs. About 70 members of the press corps are encamped in Santa Barbara, all living fairly well, that being the way to live in Santa Barbara, but some going quietly mad nonetheless, as the President cuts and clears. Whenever Deputy Press Secretary Larry Speakes announces that the President is cutting and clearing today, reporters jot down "no news." Still, reporters and photographers are a brave lot and are taking in stride events like wine-tasting excursions to nearby vineyards, when they are not peering down at Rancho del Cielo with binoculars, praying for a sign. None is forthcoming. This is August. The President is on vacation. *—By Roger Rosenblatt. Reported by Douglas Brew/Santa Barbara*

London's Heathrow Airport resembles a campground as passengers wait out delays

The Skies Grow Friendlier

Reagan holds firm, and the air-control system regroups

For two hectic days Canadian air-traffic controllers refused last week to handle flights across the North Atlantic between the U.S. and Europe, violating international air-safety agreements and creating chaos at passenger terminals in New York, Boston, London and Rome. Portuguese controllers promised a similar boycott this week. But after that flurry of disruption, the U.S. Government faced the long-range task of ensuring safe air travel without the help of some 12,000 fired members of the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization, who left their jobs on Aug. 3. President Reagan, who had warned the strikers that they would be fired if they did not return promptly to work, insisted last week from his California ranch: "There is no strike. There is a law that federal unions cannot strike against their employers, the people of the United States. What they did was terminate their own employment by quitting."

The Reagan Administration had, in effect, decided to ignore PATCO, whose increasingly discouraged members continued to picket the Federal Aviation Administration's regional and airport radar centers. The struggle thus was reduced to a test of the FAA's ability to carry on with some 3,000 supervisors, 5,000 nonstrikers and 900 military controllers until new replacements can be trained. The system was operating at roughly half of its former level of staffing. Over the long run, the key question apparently would be one of economics: Could U.S. airlines, some of them already in financial trouble, operate profitably at the reduced schedules required under the FAA's strike contingency plans? If not, would the airlines apply pressure to increase flights, even if it requires rehiring some of the strikers?

The profitability of the airlines, in turn, hung heavily on whether the U.S. flying public perceives the curtailed controller system as safe—and, finally, on whether it actually performs safely. The public was not especially reassured by Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis' assertion that the FAA had recorded 17 instances in which either unidentified voices or interfering signals had been heard on the radio channels on which pilots communicate with controllers. The FBI and Federal Communications Commission were investigating the illegal transmissions. Lewis said there was no evidence that they were strike-related.

Striker in New York

Last week, as the FAA continued to cut prestrike flights in half during peak hours at 22 major airports and limited flights nationally to about 75% of normal, even the fewer airliners flying were not full. In what is normally the heaviest travel month, millions of potential passengers were staying on the ground, apparently worried about unsafe skies, or shying away from the uncertain schedules. The air-

lines reported losses of nearly $30 million a day.

As TIME correspondents visited control towers, interviewed substitute controllers and quizzed air-safety experts, they found little cause for public fear. Indeed, there was evidence that the FAA's plan to reduce and smooth out the flow of air traffic was making flying in some ways even safer. The working controllers were going about their jobs with an *esprit de corps* that had been sadly lacking when the more militant unionists, spoiling for a strike, were among them. Declared Frank Arcidiacono, a former controller now a supervisor at the Los Angeles radar center, as he noted the pickets outside his building: "It's a manager's dream. The snivelers, the criers and the whiners are out there in the sun. Everybody who has come to work has *come to work!*"

The FAA's computer-plotted plan, originally drawn up by former Federal Aviation Administrator Langhorne Bond when he learned more than a year ago that PATCO seemed determined to strike in 1981, requires each airline operating at a major airport to reduce its flights by a specified percentage that varies with every hour of the day. At New York's La Guardia, for example, the cutback jumps from 27% between 7 a.m. and 8 a.m. to 49% in the following hour. At Chicago's O'Hare, the heaviest reduction, 60%, is between 7 p.m. and 8 p.m. Each airline is free to cancel any flights it wishes to stay within the FAA limits. Understandably, airlines tend to eliminate their least profitable flights.

Air freight remains scarcely affected by the new restrictions, since cargo flights normally operate in the relatively quiet hours of the night. Essential military flights retain top priority. General aviation, which includes private traffic ranging from two-seaters to large corporate jets, has been cut back the most. The FAA is allowing its control centers to accept only about 35% of the previous level of such aircraft, which normally account for about 44% of the controllers' total work load. Both military and private pilots, however, can fly freely outside of controlled airspace under visual flight rules (VFR)—and are doing so in a quantity that alarms some controllers. Contends a supervisor at California's Oakland radar center: "They've got too much damn military flying under VFR. It's impossible for them to fly under 'see and avoid' conditions—they're moving too fast. They're going to hit someone."

Just how good are the substitute controllers and how are they holding up? The supervisors who have returned to their scopes, insists Irving Moss, the FAA's New York spokesman, are "the college professors of the air controllers. They know controlling forward and backward. They have been running more traffic than we thought possible and they are bringing the planes in under safer conditions than ever." Moss insists that the supervisors enjoy being relieved of paperwork and are now "on a real high" because they "came in when they were needed and kept the planes flying."

At the Los Angeles center, Controller Dennis DeGraff says that "hatefulness

Bucking the Pink Slips

"Dear _____ This is notice that I intend to remove you from your position of Air Traffic Control Specialist . . ." So begins the letter, signed by Federal Aviation Administration supervisors, that has been mailed to more than 11,000 striking air-traffic controllers since President Reagan ordered them fired beginning Aug. 5. The Administration was relying on two solid legal justifications: Title 5, Section 7311 of the U.S. Code, which states that a federal civil servant may not continue to hold his job if he takes part in a strike against the Government; and the oath, signed by all federal employees, not to strike. But firing a federal employee is not as easy as a form letter. Two weeks after the first pink slip went out, the matter was still very much up in the air.

Once a federal worker receives a dismissal notice, he normally has 30 days to appeal it to his employing agency. With the consent of the Office of Personnel Management, the FAA reduced the response time to seven days. If a controller can show that he was fired unfairly (proving, for example, that he was harassed by fellow strikers), he will be taken back aboard. If the FAA rules against him, however, he then has 20 days to file an appeal before the Merit Systems Protection Board, a federal arbitration agency. If the board affirms the firing, a controller may still take his case to the U.S. courts. If that plea fails, a controller would best be advised to start circulating his résumé.

Richard Leighton, a Washington lawyer who represents PATCO officials, is urging all fired controllers to pursue the appeals process to the end, making a number of arguments at every step. First, he says, they should challenge the seven-day notice as inadequate. Next, they should argue that they were ill, absent without leave, taking a sudden vacation or otherwise not actually on strike. Finally, Leighton suggests that fired controllers contend that they are not receiving equal protection under the law; if the FAA initially allowed strikers to return within 48 hours without being fired, he reasons, why cannot all strikers be allowed back at some point? Says Leighton: "The members will argue that if they are going to be fired, everyone who struck has to be fired."

If all appeals fail, there is still hope. The Federal Labor Relations Authority is considering PATCO's argument that the FAA did not bargain in good faith. If the FLRA agrees, it could order the controllers rehired. Even if the board disagrees, the controllers may not finally be fired for months. PATCO intends to battle any Government attempts to lump individual appeals together. The fired controllers consider their plight a test of lofty principles, and they remain eligible for retirement and pension benefits until their dismissals are final. So the FAA, the MSPB and the courts face the prospect of hearing as many as 12,000 controllers, each with his own lawyer and his own, slightly different story to tell.

and bickering" had injected new stress before the strike, and that PATCO members "filed grievances on every little thing and management retaliated, and there was harassment on both sides." Now, he says, "we can move three times the traffic because we're all working together." The most stress, he adds, is crossing the picket lines. Bill Kolacek, a supervisor at the Aurora center near Chicago, compares running the picket line to his Army experience in Viet Nam. Driving up to the facility, he says, "I put my foot on the clutch, my left leg starts shaking, and my back tenses up." He feels sorry for the older strikers who were near retirement and the younger ones who were "used to an interesting job and are going to end up pumping gas." Not all will. A recruiter from Saudi Arabia was offering $85,000-a-year jobs, with two-month paid vacations in Europe, to U.S. controllers. Some 200 picked up applications.

Many of the working controllers do not want their former colleagues back on the job, fearing that the friction would be worse than before. Declares Stan Recek, a nonunion controller in Miami: "I'll work seven days a week, 16 hours a day, to keep them from coming back." Nor do the supervisors want to go back to pushing paper. "I'm having a ball," says Mike Hughes, a supervisor in Miami. "I'm happier with my job now than I have been in the past three years."

Still, the crisis-generated "highs" of the substitute controllers will surely start to fade. The FAA's Moss contends that controllers "perform best under stress —they thrive on it." He cites studies showing that collisions in the air occur mainly when traffic is relatively light and when "the stress is off air controllers, and they are not paying attention." Some of the working controllers, who were still putting in 60-hour weeks (they are scheduled to be cut back to 48 hours this week) are worried about remaining alert as the months go by. "I have to ask myself, 'How long can I do this?' " concedes Harry Burke, a Los Angeles controller. Admits a supervisor in Oakland: "It's just not realistic to think this can go on for two years." Safety Expert John Galipault, who heads Ohio's nonprofit Air Safety Institute, takes a cataclysmic view of how long the current system will last: "Until there's a midair collision."

The FAA is well aware of the need to watch its controllers for any sign of weariness and to keep air traffic limited to their ability to handle it. Reports Temple Johnson Jr., tower chief at Denver's Stapleton International Airport, who checks each controller twice a day: "I look them in the eye and ask, 'How are you doing? Tell me straight.' " As of last week Johnson was pleased at the answers he was getting. So far, they were doing well. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Dean Brelis/New York, with other bureaus*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Revolt of the Regulated

The man sitting across the street from the White House claiming that his left-handed pitch opening the All-Star Game had a wicked curve is the decade's Antichrist to Ralph Nader. He is George Bush, and he is proud to be in the vice-presidential ranks with immortals like William Rufus Devane King and James Schoolcraft Sherman. As head of the Presidential Task Force on Regulatory Relief, Bush is now leading the battle against rules that affect everything from the Hawaiian tree snail to high school sopranos.

He has just finished a tense press conference announcing that the Administration is studying 30 more regulations to see if they are choking American life. Already, 54 rules have been scrutinized, and 22 of them are targeted for change. The latest review will cut into the explosive areas of equal rights, minority hiring, the environment, the handicapped and child safety. The old Yale first baseman knows that by the evening news, women, blacks, educators, environmentalists and mothers will be throwing fastballs at his head.

How did it all happen? Bush half wonders aloud. American life is now freighted with 56 million words of federal regulatory scripture. There are rules for prime farm lands, tribal government elections, gypsum wild buckwheat, car pools, surface mining, noise, personal protective devices. "There's one that [Secretary of Education] Ted Bell talked to me about on glee clubs," Bush says, almost unbelieving. "Somebody decreed that you can't any more have a boys' choir and a girls' choir, but that you have to do it by octaves. All you guys with deep voices, girls and boys, down on this end, all you with middle-range voices, up here, all you sopranos, boys and girls, there. It has just been carried to an extreme."

Bush throws out first ball at All-Star Game

Bush felt the regulatory onslaught before he became Vice President. In his own oil-exploration business, it took only a couple of permits to drill a well 25 years ago in some areas. Today it can take a dozen or more. On the board of Eli Lilly & Co., Bush watched the Government and the corporation argue over distinguishing research from production, until the firm moved some of its experimentation to France.

But his principal worry is not about the large corporations, with their armies of bookkeepers and computers and huge Washington staffs to help them cope. "The sad thing," says Bush, "is that the people who are getting hurt are the small businesses." He tells of a motel operator in the West who found himself embroiled in a controversy over whether his employees could take their uniforms home to launder, something they preferred to do, but something the Government said could not be done without extra pay. The Rev. Donald Nesti, president of Pittsburgh's Duquesne University (4,700 students), told Bush recently that regulations were costing his institution $3 million a year, enough to put 194 students through the four-year course.

Bush's approach is to reason and persuade more than to assault. He measured his progress by the fact that the number of proposed federal rules is down by a half and, he insists, those being promulgated are better thought through. Best of all, Bush sees a change in attitude among those who draw up and enforce regulations. Last week the Vice President summoned to his office the Regulatory Reform Task Force from the Department of Health and Human Services. Bush asked Paul Willging, who heads the reform movement in HHS, "How are you going to make your career bureaucracy respond? Somebody had to write these rules. These regulations are out there. I'm sure that the people who wrote them believe what they wrote." Willging's answer: "The reason that they will respond is that they are getting new direction from the very top. They will respond, believe me, they will respond." If that message has indeed been implanted in Washington, Ronald Reagan may even make some headway in the next sector of his campaign to renew the American economy.

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Gee Thanks, Ronnie, but . . .

For the Governors, a gamble has backfired

They gathered amid the glitzy gaming palaces of Atlantic City, N.J., and took time out for a pickup basketball game. But the 44 Governors who attended the National Governors' Association conference last week were hardly feeling sportive. They spent three days in tense, often heated discussion of the enormous political and fiscal problems handed to the states under President Reagan's "new federalism." Said Wisconsin Governor Lee Dreyfus: "There is some apprehension on the part of the Governors that we are getting the short end of the stick." Said Tennessee's Lamar Alexander: "We have nothing to go dancing up and down the boardwalk about."

State chiefs at play: New Jersey's Byrne, Matheson of Utah and North Dakota's Olson

Reagan's new federalism is "nothing to go dancing up and down the boardwalk about."

The Governors were concerned that a gamble they made last February was now backfiring. In a bipartisan resolution, they had agreed to support the Reagan Administration's economic program on one major condition: that the Federal Government give them general-purpose block grants rather than money earmarked by Congress for specific uses. These block grants were to be the cornerstone of Reagan's "quiet federalist revolution," in which power would gradually be transferred from overblown federal agencies to state and local authorities. Given greater leeway and less red tape in using federal funds, the Governors were confident that the states could absorb cutbacks of 10% without trimming services.

They did not get what they had bargained for. The package approved by Congress last month provided fewer block grants than anticipated, with almost as many strings attached as before. "A lot of sizzle but not much steak," grumbled California Governor Jerry Brown. Instead of the expected 10% reduction in grants, 25% was slashed. According to an NGA report issued at the start of the conference, nearly a third of the $35 billion cut from the 1982 federal budget is coming out of state aid. In the 35 states that use federal guidelines to determine taxable business income, an additional $2.3 billion in corporate tax revenues will be lost as a result of Reagan's tax program. The net effect, charged Brown, is that of a "shell game" that "shifts the burden of federal cutbacks to state and local government." Bill Krause, aide to Wisconsin's Dreyfus, was even blunter: "We aren't getting more powers, just more bills. Shift and shaft."

The cuts in federal aid will force states to do at least one of two politically unpopular things: curtail services or raise taxes. In a closed-door session, according to Arkansas' Frank White, seven out of 20 Governors confessed they had either just passed tax increases or intend to do so soon. Some states will suffer more than others. North Dakota, with its oil and coal revenues, will do just fine without the federal dollars. Boasts Governor Allen Olson: "We want to prove we can live without them." But in the Northeast and industrial Midwest, the new federalism is "cruel and unusual punishment," according to Roger Vaughan, economic aide to New York Governor Hugh Carey. These regions, says Vaughan, will bear an unfair burden of social service cutbacks because they spend more for the disadvantaged in the first place. Urban areas, which tend to have the highest concentration of poor and others dependent on federal programs, will probably be the biggest losers. A small delegation of mayors was invited to last week's conference, and they pleaded with the Governors for some say in how block grant funds are allocated. Declared Indianapolis Mayor William Hudnut III, president of the National League of Cities: "We are always at the bottom of the pyramid."

Despite their objections, the Governors did not reject new federalism outright. But they warned that it "must be a two-way street," as Georgia Governor George Busbee put it. States will resist the further transfer of federal responsibilities, he said, unless "there is a carefully conceived plan to sort out appropriate roles for each level of government and to balance those with adequate resources." It was not acceptable, Busbee cautioned, for "our friends" in Washington to "pick out the most expensive, the most difficult to manage, the most politically controversial federal programs, and hand them over to the states and localities with a heartfelt sigh of relief."

Just how more equitably to sort out what Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt calls "the intergovernmental omelet of scrambled responsibilities" was the subject of much debate last week. Babbitt, a Democrat, and Tennessee's Alexander, a Republican, introduced what they termed a "swap" proposal: Washington would take over all responsibility for Medicaid, while the states would assume total fiscal control of primary and secondary education. Though the idea met with considerable enthusiasm, the conferees agreed not to advocate formally anything so drastic until its full implications could be evaluated. Instead they adopted a more general resolution, offering to accept "a phased-in reduction of federal support in the areas of education, law enforcement and transportation," in exchange for increased federal responsibility for "the so-called 'safety net' programs—such as welfare and Medicaid."

Addressing the Governors, Vice President George Bush promised: "The door to the White House is open. Come to us. Bring us your concerns." But that did little to assure the Governors that their message was getting through. Indeed, the Administration has shown no sign of backing away from Reagan's longtime desire to shift the responsibility for welfare programs back to the states. Said Richard Williamson, presidential assistant for intergovernmental affairs: "As far as welfare going to the feds, at this point we agree to disagree." *—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Barbara B. Dolan/Atlantic City*

Wars Between the States

Taxes on energy resources pit the haves against the have-nots

"We have on our hands the making of a civil war, being fought with taxes instead of muskets. And this time, the North (including the Midwest) is going to lose."

That fear, voiced by J.R. Prestidge of the Northeast-Midwest Institute, a research center in Washington, D.C., is shared by state officials throughout the industrial Frostbelt. The source of their concern: severance taxes, duties imposed by a state on its exports to other states of oil, natural gas, coal or other nonrenewable resources. The flow of these tax revenues from energy consumers to energy producers is creating antagonisms between the states much like those among nations. "The coal states have the power to become our OPEC within," says Washington Economist Sally Hunt Streiter. Complains New York Taxation and Finance Commissioner James Tully: "They are the fuel pharaohs of the Western world."

In Chicago, 1,400 tons of black gold from the booming West arrive by tugboat

"The coal states have the power to become our OPEC within."

Severance taxes are nothing new. Michigan began collecting 4% on the gross value of its mineral exports in 1846, and 33 other states now impose such levies. But as fuel prices have soared, energy-rich states have increased their tariffs. Alaska, for instance, raised its oil tax from 12% to 15% last June. That was reasonable compared with Montana and Wyoming, which are exacting 30% and 17%, respectively, on coal exports. All told, coal, gas and oil severance-tax collections have ballooned from $2.1 billion in 1977 to $4 billion last year. Says Governor Brendan Byrne of New Jersey: "It is potentially the largest transfer of wealth in the history of this country."

States on the receiving end say they need the money to cover the environmental and social costs of extracting natural resources. They point to the new roads, schools and sewer systems needed by burgeoning energy towns, and to the sad example of those Appalachian states that remained impoverished while shipping their coal elsewhere. Severance taxes, says Montana Governor Ted Schwinden, help prevent "the mistakes of the past, cover the costs of today, and leave us something when all the coal is gone."

States on the paying end do not quarrel with this concept, just its exorbitant execution. "These taxes no longer relate to the depletion of a state's resources," says Richard McClure, an aide to Illinois Governor Jim Thompson. "Energy-rich states are now exporting their tax burdens around the country." A study by the Commerce Department shows that nine states depend heavily on severance-tax income to run their governments. In Louisiana, 23% of the 1978 state budget came from these taxes; in Wyoming, 22%; in Alaska and New Mexico, 19%; and in Texas, 17%.

With severance-tax revenues pouring into their coffers, these states are in a position to keep other taxes relatively low. Texas and Wyoming, for example, have no personal or corporate income taxes. Says Frank Beal, director of Illinois' Institute of Natural Resources: "They are at an enormous advantage in attracting industry." Energy-importing states, meanwhile, have to raise taxes to pay for severance outlays. Says Beal: "That forces industry to states with lower taxes."

To defend themselves, some energy-importing states propose retaliating in kind. Iowa is considering a severance tax on its corn and soybean exports. "Our soil is as much a nonrenewable resource as coal," explains Doug Gross, an aide to Iowa Governor Robert Ray. Maine may tax copper and zinc. Says Byrne: "Perhaps the Northeast can place a severance tax on Ivy League educations."

There is an alternative to regional "tax warfare." Though the Supreme Court ruled last month that Montana's 30% severance tax did not impose an unconstitutional restriction on interstate commerce, it left the door open for Congress to step in and put a cap on such levies. Legislation that would limit coal taxes to 12.5% has been introduced in both houses. The fuel states, of course, will fight it. "The important issue," says Montana's Schwinden, is "the right of the people in a state to set their own taxing policy." Whether that right allows one state to impoverish another promises to be an important issue for Congress and the Reagan Administration—and perhaps the most important test for the Union since the Civil War. ■

Labor in Vain

Was a union probe bungled?

It was "a textbook illustration of how not to conduct an investigation," said an angry Sam Nunn of Georgia, ranking Democrat on the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. It "wasted a historic opportunity" to root out corruption and mismanagement, said the subcommittee's 190-page report, released last week. The object of those disparaging words is a five-year, $5 million investigation by the Labor Department of an enormous pension fund controlled by officials of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters—a union whose ties to organized crime have inspired a number of federal probes over the years and whose power, and powerful friends, have usually helped protect it.

This time the Government seemed to have a strong case. The union's $2 billion Central States pension fund, which contains retirement funds for 450,000 Teamsters, followed a plainly unorthodox investment strategy. Nearly three-quarters of its assets were socked into real estate, especially Las Vegas hotels and casinos. (In one instance gambling chips were put up as collateral for a large loan.) The fund also made curious multimillion-dollar loans to developers with close ties to mobsters and to Central States' own trustees.

A Labor Department task force was assembled in 1975 to look into such dubious practices, and it disbanded a year ago. The Senate subcommittee, dissatisfied with the results, undertook its own review of the investigation. The new report charges that Labor's Special Investigations Staff hired only 28 of its authorized

complement of 45 investigators, was deprived of subpoena power as a matter of department policy and was prevented by "bureaucratic infighting and naiveté" from working with the Justice Department to build criminal cases. Most incredibly, the task force was ordered by Labor higher-ups not to conduct "third party" inquiries—that is, to disregard officially the unsavory recipients of Teamster loans.

The Labor Department did, however, pressure the pension fund's 16 trustees to resign and place the assets under independent management. But the trustees were allowed to pick their successors, and other attempts at reform were thwarted. Early in 1978 Labor filed a civil suit against the former trustees for the recovery of fund losses, but last week's study charges that the unresolved brief was needlessly timid. The subcommittee concluded that Labor seemed institutionally "incapable of investigating major labor racketeering cases."

University of Texas Economist Ray Marshall, who was Secretary of Labor under President Carter, last week defended his department's conduct: "Nobody else ever put the fund in safe hands as we did." Ken Paff, a leading Teamster dissident, is not impressed. Said he: "The Labor Department has consistently bungled. We're worried it's going to be even worse under [Secretary Raymond] Donovan." ■

Abscam's Toll

Six pols are prison bound

A defense lawyer decried the "mass condemnation proceedings," but New York Federal District Court Judge George Pratt was unmoved. Pratt ordered jail terms for six former elected officials convicted of bribery and conspiracy, the first sentences handed down in the Justice Department's Abscam operation.

Four are former U.S. Representatives. Frank Thompson, 63, of New Jersey, might avoid jail because of a heart condition; final sentencing will await medical test results. The three other ex-Congressmen were each given $20,000 fines, and multiple prison terms to be served concurrently. New York's John Murphy, 55, received a three-year and two two-year terms. Michael Myers, 38, was given three three-year terms, and fellow Philadelphian Raymond Lederer, 43, racked up three terms of three years and another of two years.

Two officials who shared in the spoils were also punished. Philadelphia City Councilman Louis Johanson, 52, received the same sentence as Myers. Because of his extensive involvement, New Jersey State Senator Angelo Errichetti received the harshest sentence: one six-year term, two five-year terms and $40,000 in fines. Under parole guidelines, each of the six must serve at least 14 months. All plan to appeal. ■

Pass the Ammunition—Carefully

Moving some nerve gas from Denver to Utah

Shortly before sunrise one day last week, a military convoy stretching a full mile snaked its way 3½ miles from Rocky Mountain Arsenal to a runway at Stapleton International airport in Denver. The four U.S. Army trucks eased up beside a pair of C-141 Starlifter transport planes. Aboard the trucks, stacked on metal pallets and tightly harnessed with black nylon webbing, was the deadly cargo. "We've taken every conceivable safety precaution," Brigadier General Walter Kastenmayer told reporters. "I have no concern that we can't do this safely."

Thus began the long-planned airlift of 888 nerve gas bombs from Denver to Tooele Army Depot in western Utah. Each slug-shaped bomb is 7 ft. long and packed with 346 lbs. of a clear, odorless liquid called GB. A good whiff or a splash on the skin can kill a human being within minutes. Dubbed "Weteyes" because tears are one of the first symptoms of exposure, the bombs were built for the U.S. Navy in 1969 and stored just three miles north of Stapleton. But the Weteyes were too close for comfort for many Denverites, and lobbying was intense to move the bombs to Tooele, storage ground for the largest cache of chemical munitions in the free world.

The Army first tried to remove the bombs in 1978 but halted the effort when inspectors discovered that ten of the bombs were leaking GB.* Utah Governor Scott Matheson tried to block the transfer but Colorado Senator Gary Hart attached a rider to a defense bill directing Washington to detoxify the bombs or have them removed by this October.

*The gas was drained into three 1,600-lb. steel cylinders and will be flown to Tooele as well

One thousand military personnel and civilians took part last week as the 15-flight "Rocky Mountain Transfer" got under way. Soldiers carrying grenade launchers patrolled Stapleton, and teams of medics with Chinook helicopters were stationed at four points along the air route, which was mapped across the sparsely settled northern sections of both states. In Utah the truck convoy that would carry the bombs 40 miles from Dugway Proving Ground, where the planes were scheduled to land, to Tooele was well rehearsed: drivers and guards had traveled the route three times, foiling nine different mock terrorist attacks along the way.

On the appointed day, wind conditions were ideal: only a breeze from the southwest, which would blow the gas away from Denver in case of a disaster. At 6:37 a.m., the first plane began rolling down the runway, escorted by a Jeep outfitted with a machine gun. Halfway down the strip, the C-141 ground to a breathtaking halt; mechanics rushed out, found the trouble—a faulty pressure gauge—and replaced it. By that time, the second and only other plane of the day had disappeared into the red-streaked sky.

At Dugway, reporters outfitted with gas masks awaited the transports. An official coolly advised them: "If the plane should crash on landing, head for the bus." At 7:46 the first Starlifter landed, followed 54 minutes later by the second one. A crew member lit up a cigar in celebration. Said Public Affairs Officer Colonel Richard Horvath, who arrived on the first flight: "We had a good time up there." But with the flights stretching into next week, many Utah residents were not lighting up quite yet. ■

Unloading "Weteye" bombs from a C-141 Starlifter at Dugway Proving Ground

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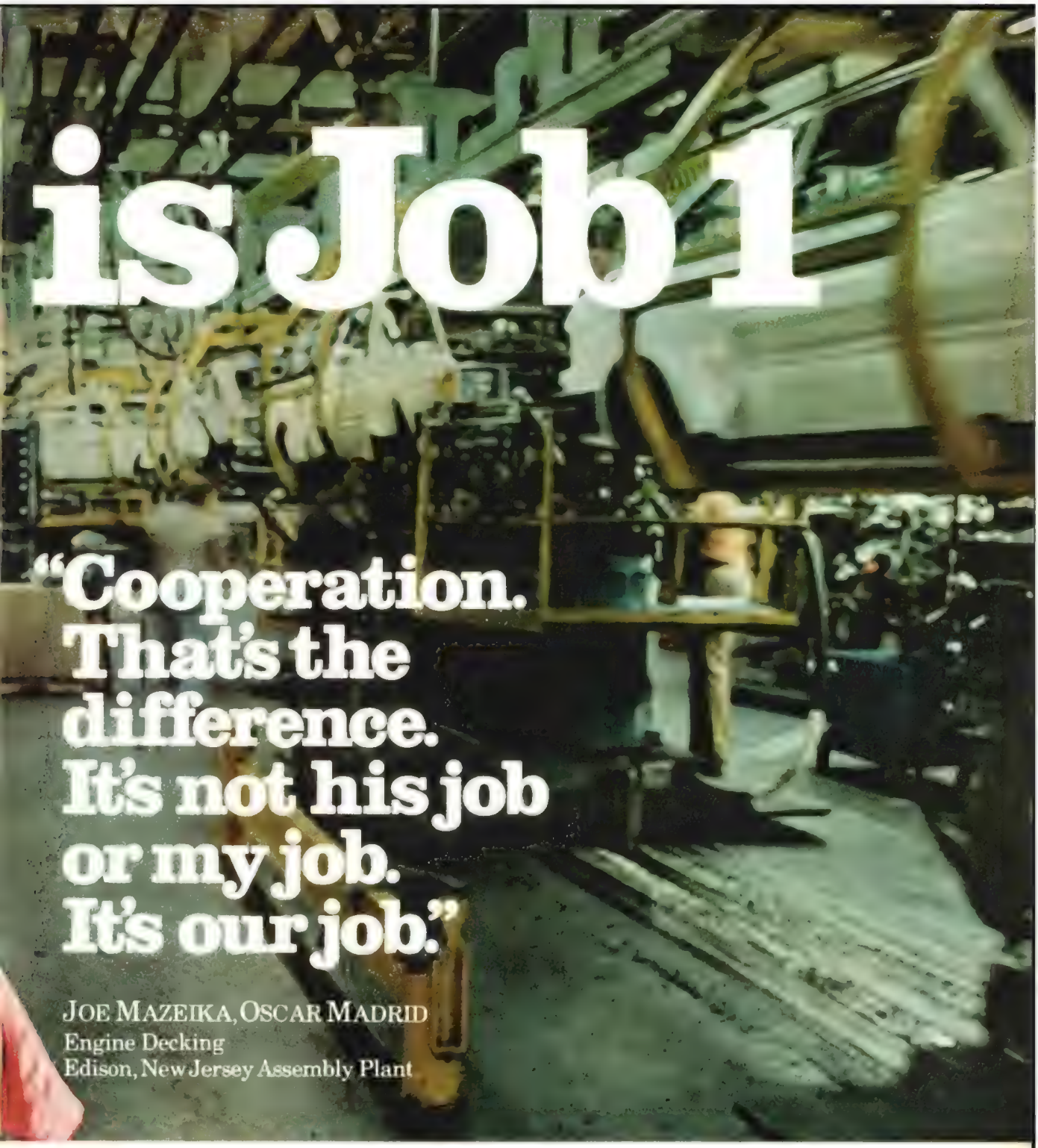

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Sowell on the Firing Line

His conservatism riles many blacks but impresses Reagan

Thomas Sowell was bound to be a favored intellectual at Ronald Reagan's White House. A prolific (eleven books) economic historian, he is an impassioned defender of conservative dogma. His own life is an advertisement for the American Dream: born poor, he dropped out of high school, attended college on the G.I. Bill, won a bachelor's degree from Harvard and a Ph.D. in economics from the University of Chicago, and went on to a distinguished teaching career. Perhaps equally attractive to the Reaganauts, Sowell is black—and claims to reflect the views of a vast, quiet black mainstream. The White House would like to believe him. Said Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese III at a conference of mostly conservative blacks organized by Sowell last December: "Some of the people who purport to represent the black community are talking about the ideas of the last ten years. You are talking about the ideas of the next ten years."

Sowell, 51, a senior fellow at the Hoover Institute at Stanford, seems to be everywhere arguing his case. He has three new books out: *Ethnic America* (a historical analysis of how various groups have fared), *Pink and Brown People* (a collection of newspaper columns) and *Markets and Minorities* (an examination of whether the underprivileged are more successful with or without government assistance).

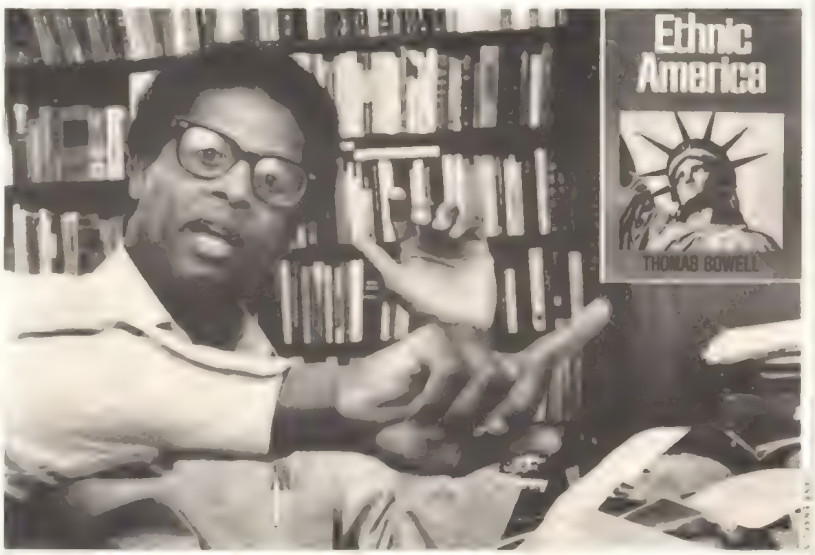
Sowell's positions are anathema to many blacks, and he has few supporters among black scholars. Cornell Political Economist Manning Marable, for instance, dismisses him as an "ebony version of Milton Friedman." Indeed, Sowell studied under Nobel Prizewinner Friedman at Chicago, and many of his positions bear a free-market stamp: forced school busing is insulting and destructive to blacks as well as whites. Affirmative action and quotas, with their accompanying threat of antidiscrimination suits by those who do not win promotions, lead employers to hire only the safest risks—the most talented and credentialed members of minority groups. The minimum wage has quintupled teen-age unemployment among blacks, because employers eliminate jobs rather than pay more than unskilled youths are worth.

His latest scholarly publications minimize the present-day importance of white racism and blame defects in black attitudes and skills for much of the still wide lag in income of blacks behind whites. To his mind, this is a pragmatic judgment, not a moral one. Says he: "Cultures are not 'superior' or 'inferior.' They are better or worse adapted to a particular set of circumstances." Because slavery so distorted the black experience in the U.S., Sowell suggests blacks could measure their progress as though they were recently arrived immigrants. Even so, he is contemptuous of blacks who feel they should be given special treatment because of the lingering effects of slavery; when one compares "the average standard of living in Africa to the average standard of living of black Americans, the grotesque conclusion of this arithmetic might be that blacks pay whites compensation."

Sowell considers demographics as influential as culture. In *Ethnic America*, he attributes many apparent differences in income among ethnic groups to differences in average age and place of residence. Blacks, for example, are disproportionately young, thus still climbing in income, and live more often in the South, where average wages are lower.

He debunks any suggestions that blacks are genetically inferior. IQ scores for ethnic groups, he says, change over time. They reflect family background and cultural assimilation. As proof he cites a group of Jews tested during World War I. Many of them were first-generation immigrants from Russia and Poland, and they had "some of the lowest scores on mental tests of any of the numerous ethnic groups tested." Now their descendants rank among the highest.

He believes enduring ethnic traits have led to success or failure. Each immigrant or minority group's values are its "human capital." Thus Japanese Americans have succeeded, despite generations under restrictive laws and incarceration during World War II, because of intense commitment to "the honor of the family." Italian Americans, though similarly family-centered, have done less well, he says, because the abler members of each generation were taught that upward mobility would estrange them from—even betray—the rest of the family. Some of these group traits sound like pernicious stereotypes, especially his portrayal of blacks. Writes Sowell: "With little incentive to work any more than necessary to escape punishment, slaves developed foot-dragging, work-evading patterns that were to remain as a cultural legacy long after slavery itself disappeared. Duplicity and theft were also pervasive patterns among antebellum slaves, and these too remained long after slavery ended." But Sowell sees other, more optimistic signs. Says he: "I'm always amazed, when I drive through Harlem, at the kids dashing out to wash windshields. Decades of abuse haven't stamped out the initiative of the people."



Economist Sowell in his office at Stanford University's Hoover Institute

Linking the success of ethnic groups to their willingness to play by the rules

The unifying theme in almost all of Sowell's work is that the American free enterprise system has worked for every other group and is working for blacks who play by its rules. The system has certainly worked for him: Sowell says that Reagan offered him a Cabinet post but that he preferred to pursue his own projects. (He is, however, serving on the Economic Policy Advisory Board.) Married, with children, Sowell is aloof and passionately private. He believes above all in self-reliance. The hardest time in his life, he has been quoted as saying, was when he transferred from predominantly black Howard University in Washington to Harvard. "But, thank God, there weren't any bleeding hearts around in those days, and I finally made it on my own." —*By William A. Henry III. Reported by Eileen Shields/San Francisco*

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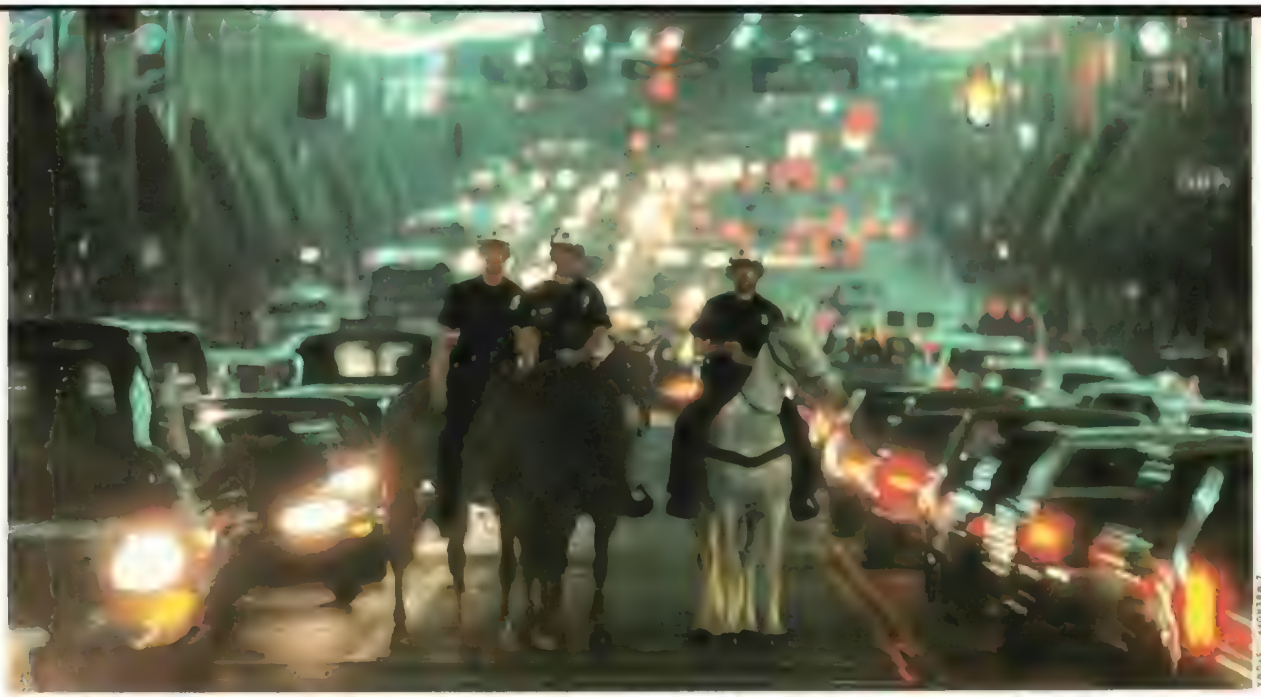

Mounted police amid the motorized mating dance: trying to contain an outbreak of violence that threatens to race out of control

Combat at Hollywood and Vine

Los Angeles gangs take a low ride on the wild side

Midnight, Saturday, at Hollywood and Vine. The bizarre cast is pure Fellini, the volatile and menacing atmosphere is classic Clint Eastwood. The trouble is, the scene is real.

A police helicopter churns overhead, searchlight sweeping over the melee below. For a mile east and a mile west, six lanes of traffic move in caravan, a rolling cacophony of full-blast stereos rising above a cross-lane exchange of insults, come-ons and general greetings. Along the sidewalk—the famous chocolate terrazzo sidewalk embedded with bronze-edged stars framing the names of superstars—gang members defiantly stake out their turf. There are police on horseback, on motorcycles, on foot, in plainclothes. Knots of bewildered tourists, looking for Tinseltown, realize they have wandered into a weekend war zone.

It has been a long time since Hollywood Boulevard glittered with the perfervid glamour of the '20s. The Boulevard of Broken Dreams tarnished slowly for decades, declining by the late '60s and early '70s to the same sleazy fate as its East Coast counterpart, Times Square. Cleanup efforts partly succeeded, and now, on weekdays, some stretches feel like the downtown of a small city. But, says Police Sergeant Bob Rebhan, "I wouldn't go up Hollywood Boulevard on a weekend night without being armed."

The warfare on Hollywood Boulevard began about nine months ago when the cruisers arrived. Trolling around in cars is the all-American pastime, but California cruisers have transformed it into an elaborate ritual. Not just any car will do. The idea is to attract attention. Stereos, painted names and modified engines are routine. A compact pickup with giant wheels is better. A truly "clean ride" is a low-rider: a 1950s vintage General Motors car, lavishly decorated and fitted with a system of hydraulic lifts that allows it to be impressively raised or lowered.

Cruisers prefer to travel in groups, and to proceed very, very slowly. Whittier Boulevard in East Los Angeles was the city's prime caravan route until the police began shutting the street on weekends. The cruisers moved to Van Nuys, in the San Fernando Valley. It was closed. They moved on, to Hollywood Boulevard.

Cruisers are predominantly Hispanic, and they follow, on wheels, the tradition of the *paseo*. In a motorized version of that mating dance, boys and girls now drive who would once have walked in opposing circles around a village square eyeing each other, flirting and showing off. All innocent fun, except that gangs have followed the cruisers. Nearly 350 gangs plague Los Angeles. They have 20,000 to 30,000 members between the ages of twelve and 22. Sixty percent of the violent street crime in Los Angeles County is youth crime. The incidence is rising fast near Hollywood Boulevard, where there have been at least five gang killings—and 45 other murders—so far this year.

Rousting riders: search and discourage tactic

"Violence has become an accepted way of life," says Sergeant J.J. Garcia. The slightest insult, real or imagined, provokes a mid-traffic surge for revenge. The protection of turf and machismo honor are the pretexts; baseball bats, screw drivers, knives, cheap guns and especially tire irons are the weapons. Sadly, passers-by are often the innocent victims of this remorseless violence.

This month the Los Angeles city council authorized the police department to shut down traffic on the street if needed. "The situation has almost gotten out of hand," says Hollywood Chief of Detectives James Morgan. "We're applying all the pressure we can to discourage people from coming here."

Discouragement includes a blizzard of traffic violation tickets and closing lanes. Police stop suspicious cars and "roust" the occupants, who are frisked and have their cars searched. Gang members, true to their code, remain impassive, displaying their version of dignity.

"We think it's starting to pay off; street activity has dropped some," says Night Watch Commander Lieutenant Randy Mancini. But Captain Morgan, less optimistic, predicts: "The cruisers will simply travel elsewhere." After all, as a dark-haired teen-age girl flirting rambunctiously from the back of a pickup truck said: "It's a way to get out of the house." —*By Jane O'Reilly. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Los Angeles*

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ARMAMENTS

Risking Political Fallout

Despite some European fears, the U.S. decides to build the neutron bomb

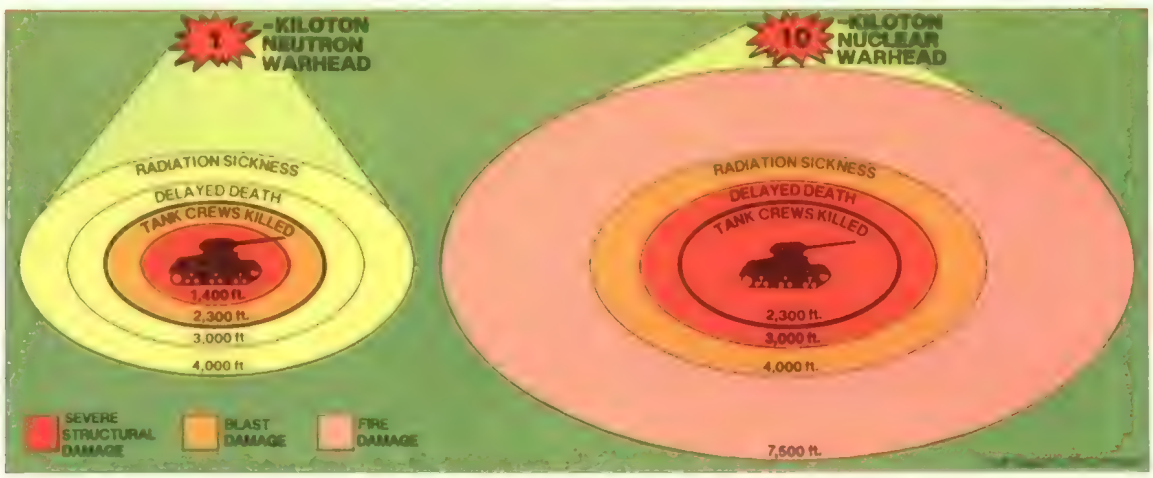
"Criminal!" declared one Soviet commentator. TASS, the government news agency, said that the decision illustrated Ronald Reagan's "cannibalistic instincts," and was "an extremely dangerous step toward the further spiraling of the arms race and enhancing the threat of nuclear war." Some Western European officials worried that the political fallout would damage the Atlantic Alliance by bringing on a new surge of pacifism and neutralism. But President Reagan, relaxing at his California ranch, was unfazed by the outcry. Said he of the Soviets: "They are squealing like they're sitting on a sharp nail simply because we now are showing the will that we are not going to let them get to the point of dominance where they can someday issue to the free world an ultimatum of 'Surrender or die.' " Reagan added that some of those "who under the name of pacifism in Western Europe" are opposing the decision "are really carrying the propaganda ball for the Soviet Union."

The uproar was over the Administration's decision to build the so-called neutron bomb, which is designed to kill as many people as a regular hydrogen bomb ten times its size, and yet cause less damage to nearby buildings *(see diagram)*. U.S. military planners say that small neutron warheads installed on howitzer shells or Lance missiles, which have ranges of 20 and 70 miles, respectively, are the best way to deter or counter the most feared conventional attack by Soviet forces: a massive tank assault across Central Europe. (Warsaw Pact countries have 44,000 tanks compared with NATO's 11,000.) Said the President: "This weapon was particularly designed to offset the great superiority that the Soviet Union has on the Western front." The Reagan Administration plans to stockpile the neutron bombs in the U.S. But they could be deployed in Europe, or any other area threatened by invasion, in a matter of hours. U.S. officials say that such deployment will occur only after consultation with allies.

But the Administration's announcement about the neutron bomb stirred some fears in Europe. The argument, which has evolved since deployment of the weapon was first discussed four years ago, is that the danger of the bomb stems from its very nature. Because it is so focused and so restricted in its effects, its opponents say, NATO generals might be too quick to use it if the Soviets attacked, thereby causing Moscow to retaliate with its own nuclear weapons. Thus it might become the catalyst for escalating a conventional war into a nuclear confrontation. Says retired General Wolf von Baudissin, who served as chief of NATO's planning staff: "There are already too many new technologies that threaten stability over the next decade. The only solution is to control armaments programs before production starts."

European neutralists, who want to dissociate their governments from becoming too involved in the superpower struggle, also fear that the weapon will make their soil the eventual battleground in an East-West confrontation.

Domestic political opposition to the neutron warhead is particularly acute in



The purpose of the neutron warhead is to kill men on the battlefield, particularly those manning tanks, with as small a blast as possible. The smaller the blast, the less the damage to property and buildings within the area. Thus, an exploding 1-kiloton neutron warhead would kill tank crews within 2,300 ft., or four-tenths of a mile, of the impact point. Those out to 3,000 ft. would die several days later from radiation. To accomplish the same results with a "standard" nuclear device, NATO forces would have to use a 10-kiloton warhead. But the neutron warhead would cause severe structural damage only within 1,400 ft., or a quarter of a mile, from the blast, actually a smaller area than the one in which all tank crews would die instantly. In contrast, the standard bomb would wreak havoc as far away as 3,000 ft.

West Germany, where Chancellor Helmut Schmidt faces a strong disarmament movement within his own Social Democratic Party. The S.P.D. has called upon the government, in which it is the senior coalition partner, to make clear that "these weapons will not be deployed in Europe." Said Deputy Party Chief Hans-Jürgen Wischnewski: "The Reagan Administration is obviously not yet well enough acquainted with the situation in Europe."

The U.S. decision to assemble the neutron bomb will further complicate other controversial weapons issues facing the allies, such as the upgrading of NATO's medium-range missiles as part of the planned modernization of theater nuclear forces (T.N.F.). Britain, West Germany and Italy have agreed to base new cruise and Pershing II missiles in their countries in an attempt to match the Soviets' tactical nuclear buildup. But they insisted that the T.N.F. modernization would proceed only on the condition that the U.S. would begin negotiations with the Soviet Union to limit tactical nuclear weapons in Europe. These talks are scheduled to begin later this year. Says Denis Healey, deputy leader of the British Labor Party: "The neutron decision will inflict severe damage on the Atlantic Alliance just when its cohesion is dangerously threatened by the argument over deployment of the cruise and Pershing II missiles."

Not all of the European reaction was unfavorable to the Administration's decision. France, which is not a member of the NATO military organization and is developing its own neutron warhead, gave what amounted to a qualified endorsement of the weapon. Said Charles Hernu the Defense Minister in the new Socialist government of François Mitterrand: "The neutron bomb must not obscure the reality of the threats posed by the [Soviet] Euromissiles." In West Germany, Franz Josef Strauss, who was the conservative Christian Democratic opponent to Schmidt in last year's election, said that the "dismal situation of defense budgets" in NATO countries had left Reagan with no real alternative

NATO's inability, or unwillingness, to match the Soviet buildup in Europe is one of the reasons the Administration has cited for launching a neutron program. In 1977, following the same reasoning, President Jimmy Carter tried to convince NATO allies to let the U.S. deploy the warheads in Europe. West German Chancellor Schmidt, despite the opposition within his own party, at that time privately assured Carter that his government would eventually allow their deployment if other NATO countries would follow suit Publicly, Schmidt said then, as he did last week, that the production of the bomb was "solely an American decision." But other NATO nations kept postponing a decision about accepting the weapon. In April 1978 Carter finally, and abruptly, decided to quit trying to win European support for the bomb. The U.S., he said, would merely build the components of the weapon and defer final assembly or deployment of the warheads. Conceded Carter's Defense Secretary Harold Brown at the time: "We could have handled it better."

Caspar Weinberger, Reagan's Defense Secretary, had the Carter reversal in mind last week when he said: "Had we done anything other than go ahead with [assembling the bomb], we would have contributed enormously to the impression that the U.S. was . . . no more decisive or strong or resolute than we were three or four years ago." Defending the decision to produce the bomb, Weinberger reversed the argument of the weapon's critics, who say that, since the weapon is more likely to be used than standard nuclear weapons, it is potentially more dangerous. Wrote Weinberger last week: "The logical conclusion of this reasoning is that we should make our weapons as indiscriminately damaging as possible—so that we would be deterred from using them." The fact that the neutron bomb can be used with fewer civilian casualties and damage, says the Defense Secretary, is precisely what makes it credible as a deterrent. Addressing the Geneva Disarmament Conference last week, Charles Flowerree, the U.S. representative, said: "Enhanced radiation weapons are designed not to make nuclear war more thinkable, but to make aggression less so."

Although a strong case has been made for constructing the bomb, there remain serious questions about the timing of the announcement. Even those who approve of the warhead, such as Secretary of State Alexander Haig (his decision to resign as NATO commander in 1979 was precipitated in part by Carter's reversal on the weapon), argued that the decision should have been delayed until next spring. By then the program to introduce theater nuclear weapons into Europe would be farther advanced, U.S.-NATO relations would probably be better, and the start of arms reduction talks with the Soviets would likely have quieted antinuclear passions in Europe

At the National Security Council meeting last month, when the question of when to announce the decision was discussed, Weinberger sharply disagreed with Haig. As he explained last week: "I think the same people who object to the manufacture of this weapon today are going to object in November and December and January and April." He stressed that because the Administration would stockpile the warheads in the U.S., there was no need to consult with NATO partners. Stated he: "The difficult decisions affecting U.S. forces . . . cannot be turned over to even our closest allies." According to Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, Reagan sided with Weinberger because he felt that "any delay would have been too costly" and would "show a lack of resolve."

MARK PETER

Lance missile being tested in West Germany

Offsetting Soviet tactical superiority.

After last week's announcement, Moscow implied that it would make its own neutron bomb. The prospect of a neutron bomb race increases the need for a resumption of some form of arms control talks between the two superpowers

Speaking to the American Bar Association in New Orleans last week, Haig stressed the Administration's belief that the buildup in U.S. military strength would lead the Soviets to act more cautiously abroad. Said he: "We are creating conditions that make restraint and reciprocity the most realistic Soviet options." But he also sounded a more conciliatory tone than he had in the past, promising that the U.S. would respond in kind to any Soviet efforts to reduce international tensions "that are so costly to both our societies." He did not specifically mention the neutron bomb in his address, but last week's events made his main theme all the more compelling: "We must compete with the Soviet Union to protect freedom, but we must also search for cooperation to protect mankind." *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Bruce W. Nelan and Roberto Suro/Washington*

POLAND

Score One for Kania

Challenged by the party leader, Solidarity calls for calm

The trip was a ritual of homage. Following in the footsteps of every other East bloc leader, Polish Party Boss Stanislaw Kania and Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski made the traditional trek to Leonid Brezhnev's Crimean vacation retreat last week for what was described by the official news agency TASS as a "short working visit." They had much to work out.

First, there were some personal differences to mend: this was Kania's first meeting with Brezhnev since the Kremlin's June 5 letter blasting the Polish leader for being soft on "counterrevolution." Then Kania had some explanations to give about last month's party congress in Warsaw—an unprecedented session that democratized the party's structure and purged much of its leadership. Most urgent of all was what to do about the latest wave of strikes and demonstrations sparked by Poland's critical food shortage.

Leonid Brezhnev welcoming Party Boss Kania to his Crimean retreat on the Black Sea

How far could the union push a government threatened by Soviet intervention?

After their meeting, the leaders issued a communiqué agreeing that the Polish situation is "very complex and difficult." But one sign of some Kremlin tolerance was a decision to defer Poland's debt payments to the Soviets. It may have helped that Kania had not waited for his summons to the Crimea to adopt a hard line at home. Addressing the first session of the newly elected Central Committee in Warsaw early last week, he grimly warned: "We must find a way to make Polish streets peaceful again or the logic of events could lead to the greatest national tragedy." Speaker after speaker followed Kania to the lectern to denounce the independent Solidarity trade union for encouraging the food protests in a bid to seize political power. Construction Foreman Albin Siwak, a conservative Politburo newcomer, angrily demanded that the government "put a stop to anarchy and disorder."

Meanwhile, in Gdansk, Solidarity's national commission held an emergency session on how to deal with the government. For three days, union leaders angrily debated the question of just how far they could push the beleaguered officials under the threat of possible Soviet intervention. Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa later described their dilemma: "Should we behave as a typical trade union that makes demands or should we attempt, as Poles and citizens, to go in a slightly different direction?"

In the end, Walesa seems to have shepherded the union once again down the path of moderation. The final Gdansk communiqué called for a halt to further food protests until the second half of Solidarity's national congress ends in mid-October. Citing the country's "serious economic and social situation," the resolution also urged workers to give up eight free Saturdays this year to boost production of coal, food and exports. Tensions eased following the publication of the Gdansk communiqué, which the official party daily *Trybuna Ludu* called "a partial return to realistic thinking."

There was ample reason for labor-government conciliation. Soviet Marshal Viktor Kulikov, commander of the Warsaw Pact forces, had paid an ominous visit to Warsaw the previous weekend. Arriving while the Soviet navy was conducting massive amphibious exercises in the Baltic, Kulikov is thought to have urged decisive steps to curb the unrest. Indeed, all of Warsaw's allies had stepped up their criticism of the spreading Polish disorders. Keeping up the pressure, Moscow announced at week's end that large-scale maneuvers would begin near the Soviet-Polish border next month.

In the face of the implicit threats from abroad and the tough talk from the authorities at home, Walesa and his fellow union moderates worked to calm the volatile situation. A planned "women's march" was canceled on the eve of the national commission's meeting in Gdansk. At the opening session, Solidarity leaders listened respectfully as Union Affairs Minister Stanislaw Ciosek described the nation's all too familiar problems and outlined plans for economic reform, including price hikes and wage freezes.

In another conciliatory move, Solidarity named a "good offices commission" to mediate with the government. Its members: Archbishop Jozef Glemp, leader of the country's powerful Catholic hierarchy; Stefan Bratkowski, liberal head of the Polish Journalists' Association; and Alexander Gieysztor, president of the Polish Academy of Sciences. For its part, the government announced that Kania had personally met with Archbishop Glemp at midweek, presumably to enlist his help in soothing the country's frayed tempers. Solidarity's final call for renewed labor peace should make that task a little easier. At week's end Poland's Catholic bishops called on both government and workers to "abide by the law, work honestly, fulfill agreements and respect the rights of human beings."

But the clock is still ticking for Poland. Although union moderates seem to have won last week, they will face another crucial showdown with the militants at Solidarity's first annual congress in Gdansk beginning next month. Meanwhile, the country's deepening economic crisis—and lengthening food lines—will test Walesa's ability to control restive union locals and keep the fragile peace.

The first cracks in the truce may soon appear. Defying Solidarity's call for calm, students and members of the KOR dissident group maintained their plans for a so-called star march converging on Warsaw from five cities. The demonstration, calling for the release of all political prisoners, was scheduled to begin Monday and reach the capital at the end of the week. Since the government has vowed to suppress the march at all costs, the country could be headed toward the confrontation that Kania warned about before his pilgrimage to see Brezhnev. *—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Richard Hornik/Bonn*

WEST GERMANY

Mild and Mellow

Brandt returns—peacefully

The left wing of the Social Democratic Party that was so quick last week to criticize the U.S. decision to make the neutron bomb looks for its inspiration to an old familiar figure who is happily playing a new role. Willy Brandt, 67, is suddenly back in the news, both at home and abroad—going to the Kremlin to discuss disarmament with Leonid Brezhnev, standing under the Arc de Triomphe at his friend François Mitterrand's inauguration, initiating a North-South conference in Mexico in October that will be attended by President Reagan. Some West German politicians regard Brandt as a possible replacement for his rival and successor, Helmut Schmidt, should the growing opposition from the Social Democratic Party's pacifist left wing force Schmidt's resignation

Brandt's return from political oblivion is remarkable considering how far he had fallen. Seven years ago he resigned as Chancellor when it was revealed that one of his most trusted aides was an East German spy. In 1978, weakened by excess weight and a drinking problem, he suffered a ravaging heart attack that, in his own words, brought him "to the border between life and death." The next year Brandt announced his intention to divorce his wife of 31 years. With his drinking under control, today Brandt's buoyant step and year-round tan symbolize the dramatic change in his life-style. He is happily ensconced in a penthouse near Bonn. His close companion is Brigitte Seebacher, a young party activist who insists that he exercise daily and maintain his diet, and who takes him to her own hairdresser. Brandt affectionately calls Seebacher "my watchdog."

The ex-Chancellor, right, conferring with Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow

Parallel diplomacy, exuberant good health and nostalgic memories of Ostpolitik

Brandt has plunged again into public life at a time when Schmidt is under increasing attack. Unemployment has been climbing steadily since Schmidt's reelection last October, as Europe's most fabled economy slowed. Most important, Schmidt is at odds with his party's left wing, which opposes the government's support for NATO's decision to place a new generation of medium-range missiles on West German soil to counter the Soviet buildup of its mobile SS-20 missiles. In a period of growing East-West tension, Brandt is nostalgically remembered by the growing number of West German pacifists as the Nobel Peace Prize–winning architect of *Ostpolitik*, the agreement with the Soviet bloc that enabled tens of thousands of families split between West and East Germany to be reunited.

Schmidt was privately irritated when Brandt took it upon himself to travel to Moscow in June to discuss the missile issue directly with Soviet President Brezhnev. Upon his return, he spoke well of the so-called zero solution to disarmament, a proposal to have the U.S. agree not to deploy any new Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe while requiring the Soviets only to begin negotiations about the removal of the 250 SS-20s already in place.

The Soviets also got Brandt to push their idea of a nuclear "free zone" in Scandinavia. NATO would agree not to install any weapons in the region, but the Soviets remain vague on whether they would dismantle any such arms on their side of the border. Franz Josef Strauss, the conservative candidate who opposed Schmidt in last year's election, charges that Brandt has allowed himself to become part of "Brezhnev's psychological warfare aimed at intimidating the West."

The West's bargaining position vis-à-vis the Soviet Union is hardly enhanced by Brandt's style of parallel diplomacy, nor, ironically, is any possibility Brandt may have to return to the chancellery Schmidt's downfall could return to power the Christian Democratic opposition, which takes a far tougher view of negotiations with Moscow than does the mellowing Willy Brandt. ■

Commemorating victims killed while crossing the Wall

Monument to Repression

Twenty years later, it still scars the mind—gray and brooding, the 103-mile-long concrete barrier known universally as the Wall. Willy Brandt was mayor of West Berlin when the East Germans sealed the border virtually overnight. Last week, in its own schizophrenic way, the city that incarnates all of the tragedy of Europe's brutal division between East and West marked the latest anniversary of the monument to repression.

In West Berlin three East German refugees held a hunger strike, and protesters built a replica of the Wall to block the office of Aeroflot, the Soviet airline. Only a few miles away, in the eastern sector, buildings were adorned with red flags as troops paraded down Karl-Marx-Allee to honor what they proudly call "the antifascist protection wall."

The Communists had reason to celebrate. In the past two decades, the Wall has helped stem the mass exodus that saw East Germany lose 3.6 million people between 1945 and the dawn of Aug. 13, 1961. Since then fewer than 200,000 have escaped. Some of the 72 who failed are remembered by small, weather-worn crosses that mark the sites along the Wall where they were killed in the attempt.

MIDDLE EAST

A Bold New Plan by the Saudis

Crown Prince Fahd speaks of Israel's right "to live in peace"

In the 2½ years since the Camp David accords were signed by Egypt and Israel, negotiations for a wider Middle East settlement have remained deadlocked. Now Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd has offered an alternative plan that, for the first time, places the Arab world's richest and most influential nation squarely on the side of a negotiated settlement between Israel and the Palestinians. Fahd stated that Israel could "live in peace" with its Arab neighbors provided it permitted the Palestinian population of the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip to form an independent state. That condition alone made the proposal unacceptable to the Israeli government, but U.S. and European officials said that they hoped the Fahd initiative might be a first tentative step toward working out some solution to the dangerous impasse in the Middle East.

Israel's Begin

In an interview with the official Saudi Press Agency, Fahd called for: 1) Israeli withdrawal from all territory that it had occupied since the 1967 war; 2) removal of Israeli settlements in the West Bank and other occupied areas; 3) guarantees of freedom of worship for all religious groups within these areas; 4) recognition of the rights of 2 million Palestinian refugees—from the 1948 war as well as the 1967 war—for repatriation or compensation; 5) U.N. trusteeship over the West Bank and Gaza Strip during a transition period of several months; and 6) establishment of an independent Palestinian state, with the Arab eastern section of Jerusalem as its capital. Such an agreement, Fahd continued, should be guaranteed by the U.N. or by some of its members, presumably meaning the U.S. More important, the agreement would assure the right of all states in the area to live with each other peacefully.

Differing with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, who has staked his reputation on the success of the Camp David peace process, Fahd branded that plan a failure and called on the U.S. to move on toward some broader form of discussion. In company with most of the other Arab states, the Saudis had criticized the Camp David talks and condemned the Egyptian President for signing a peace treaty with Israel, which resulted in an agreement for the return of the occupied Sinai to Egyptian control. Fahd's latest remarks seemed to suggest that the Saudis might now be ready to take a more active and aggressive role in the search for peace.

To some extent, Western diplomats believe, the Fahd initiative is an expression of a rivalry of sorts between Saudi Arabia and Egypt for greater U.S. backing. Indeed, Sadat airily dismissed Fahd's proposals as "nothing new," although they obviously were more than that.

The Saudis maintain that they, and not the Egyptians, are America's leading partner in the Arab Middle East. They argue that they have tried to shape their oil policy and their diplomacy to help the U.S. Only last month, at Washington's urging, they helped persuade the Palestinians to accept a cease-fire in southern Lebanon. Sadat has been isolated from most of the Arab world, note the Saudis, while they are on influential terms with almost every Arab state. The Saudis believe they are in the best position to talk the Palestine Liberation Organization, the Syrians and the fractious Lebanese into working out a plan for peace.

Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd

P.L.O. Chairman Arafat

And yet, complain the Saudis, when they seek Washington's help with their security problems they find it difficult to purchase American arms. The U.S. Congress has stalled for weeks on approving the Saudi request to buy five AWACS (Airborne Warning and Control System) planes. Sadat, on the other hand, has received approval for 40 sophisticated F-16 jet fighters, and talks about needing as many as 150 more. The Saudis feel, quite simply, that the U.S. is not treating them fairly.

In Washington, the Reagan Administration was studiously noncommittal about the Fahd plan, reasoning that the proposal would get a better hearing in the Arab world if it were not endorsed by the U.S. Privately, however, many officials were encouraged by Fahd's statements.

Meanwhile, as part of the peace process, both Fahd and Sadat were urging the U.S. to overcome its reluctance to recognize and negotiate with the P.L.O. Last week Zbigniew Brzezinski, former President Jimmy Carter's National Security Adviser, said that the time had come for "some form of dialogue." Such a step, he said, would "encourage the P.L.O. to be more moderate and lead to its involvement in resolving the West Bank and Gaza Strip issues." Washington's standing policy for years has been that it will not deal with the P.L.O until that organization recognizes Israel's right to exist.

In Western Europe, reaction to the Fahd plan was generally favorable. The British government called it "positive," the West Germans thought it "interesting," and French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson declared that he attached "great importance" to the concept

In the Middle East, reaction was predictably mixed. The P.L.O. was favorably impressed, despite the disapproval of some of its radical factions. If the P.L.O. should endorse the Saudi plan, it is unlikely that other Arab states would oppose it strongly, though some of the more radical, such as Libya, might publicly protest.

The new Cabinet of Prime Minister Menachem Begin quickly rejected the proposal, particularly objecting to the call for a Palestinian state Privately, however, a number of Israeli officials acknowledged that the plan seemed to represent some changes in Saudi thinking. Deputy Prime Minister Simcha Ehrlich described the initiative as being "a turning point, to a certain extent." Begin was on vacation and offered no comment on the Saudi proposal. But it is a safe guess that when he visits Washington on Sept. 9 he will emphasize to Ronald Reagan that he would prefer to stick to the Camp David format and bypass both the Saudis and the P.L.O.

—By William E. Smith. Reported by David Halevy/Jerusalem and William Stewart/Beirut

IRAN

Piracy, Protests and Polemics

On land and sea, Khomeini's enemies abroad keep fighting

The bold act of piracy was as bizarre as it was successful. As three spanking new Iranian missile boats steamed leisurely in the Atlantic Ocean off the southern Spanish port of Cádiz last week, they were pursued by a slow-going Spanish tugboat. When the tug reached one of the French-built warships, about 15 raiders from the commercial vessel stormed aboard. They hauled down the flag of Iran's Islamic Republic and replaced it with the green, white and red banner, emblazoned with the imperial, sword-bearing lion of the late Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. The boarders heartily sang Iran's old imperial national anthem. As the action took place, a passing yacht radioed for Spanish help, which soon arrived. Then the two uncaptured boats headed under escort for the Spanish port of Algeciras, and later for Iran, while the hijacked ship turned toward Tangiers, making a successful escape.

In Paris, an Iranian exile group called the Azadegan (Free People) Organization claimed credit for the hijacking, which was aimed at keeping the new missile boats out of the hands of Iran's fundamentalist Islamic regime. The pirate force was led by Admiral Kamal Habibollahi, a former commander of the Shah's imperial navy. Habibollahi's military colleagues in the organization have equally imposing records: their leader is former Four-Star Iranian General Bahram Aryana, onetime chief of staff of the Iranian imperial armed forces. The organization wants to restore the old order in Iran, and possibly reinstall the Pahlavi dynasty, currently headed by the Shah's son Reza. The group's leader, General Aryana, reportedly left Paris three weeks ago in order to set up a clandestine military headquarters close to the Iranian-Turkish border.

If the loss of the gunboat infuriated the followers of the Ayatullah Khomeini (who charged that the CIA was behind the exploit), the deed may well have brought a few quiet smiles to the faces of French officials. They had finally granted delivery of the ships only days before fears arose over the safety of 106 French citizens, whose departure from Iran was delayed by Islamic extremists two weeks ago. As the Iranians had promised, the French nationals were returned home last week just before the strange hijacking. The French government quickly disclaimed any responsibility for the three warships after they were turned over to Iranian crews on Aug. 1 and left French waters.

What made the boatnapping particularly odd was the fact that the warships were armed with cannons and could easily have blown the attacking tug out of the water if their crews had wished. The speedy gunboats could also have outdistanced the pirates with ease. There was speculation that some members of the ships' crews were in collusion with the pirates—a sign of continuing unease among the Iranian military.

As the chaos grows at home, Iranian exile organizations of all political stripes are staging protests and demonstrations around the world. The spectrum of the organizations runs from monarchists like the Azadegan group, to centrists who support onetime Iranian Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiar (currently in exile in France), to a branch of the Marxist-Leninist Fedayan-e Khalq guerrilla organization. Their common aim: to build international opposition to Khomeini.

In cities as widespread as Bonn, London, Washington, Copenhagen, Los Angeles and Stockholm, groups of Iranian demonstrators have been marching, going on hunger strikes and besieging Iranian diplomatic offices. Two weeks ago, dissidents briefly occupied the Iranian interests section of the Algerian embassy in Washington; as they dispersed, one demonstrator was shot in the back. In Bonn a group of 110 Iranian demonstrators attacked the strongly fortified Iranian embassy.

Other consulates in Hamburg and West Berlin have also been occupied and vandalized. In New York City, more than 200 Iranian students staged a six-day hunger strike in front of the U.N. building. In Paris, pro- and anti-Khomeini groups have clashed violently, using sticks, broken bottles, chains and knives against one another. The cry "Death to Khomeini" is becoming as familiar in world capitals as "Death to the Shah" once was.

The protests are mostly organized by overseas supporters of the Islamic socialist guerrilla organization called the Mujahedin-e Khalq. The well-armed force is the Khomeini regime's most dangerous foe in Iran. The increase in Mujahedin protests against the fundamentalist government began in June, when Khomeini dismissed Abolhassan Banisadr as Iran's President. The protesters got a further boost on July 29, when Banisadr and Mujahedin Leader Massoud Rajavi made a spectacular clandestine escape from Iran to a Paris sanctuary. Says one Mujahedin supporter, who is currently studying at the University of Texas: "This regime is doing the same things as the Shah did. They are just doing them under the cover of Islam. They are destroying Islam, and we will destroy them."

Last week the Mujahedin were also on the attack in Iran, killing four high-ranking fundamentalists, including Hassan Ayat, Khomeini's top theoretician and a member of parliament. In Tehran, Mujahedin guerrillas launched their biggest daytime attack in weeks. Dressed as Islamic Revolutionary Guards and carrying an antitank rocket, they marched into the Guard headquarters and opened fire. Casualty figures were unreported, but ambulances were still moving wounded victims out of the building hours after the assault.

In response, the Islamic government launched another intensive roundup of suspected Mujahedin, reportedly picking up more than 350 during the week. The revolutionary firing squads once again were busy: more than 65 dissidents were executed in ten days. One person who was seized in recent weeks but not killed was none other than the grandson of Ayatullah Khomeini himself. Seyed Hussein Khomeini, 20, a theology student in the religious city of Qum, was seized after making a revolutionary speech at a mosque in which he declared that "the new dictatorship established in religious form is worse than that of the Shah and the Mongols." Others have been shot for saying less. The young Khomeini now lives under virtual house arrest. —***By George Russell. Reported by Sandra Burton/Paris and David S. Jackson/Washington***

Iranian demonstrators in London's Trafalgar Square attacking the reign of the mullahs

Charged the grandson: "The new dictatorship is worse than that of the Shah."

THAILAND

On the Rebound

Kriangsak wins a key election

The campaign tactics were rowdy even by the rough-and-tumble standards of Thai politics. Nails were scattered around cars parked at party rallies; saboteurs disrupted election speeches by plying crowds with Mekong whisky; and before they went to the polls last week, many of the peasants of the northeastern province of Roi Et gladly pocketed bribes from the 14 candidates. When the 133,000 ballots were counted in the key parliamentary election, a familiar figure emerged triumphantly: former Prime Minister Kriangsak Chomanan, 63, who hopes that his victory will soon sweep him back into power in Bangkok. Said Kriangsak after his victory: "The march toward full democracy in Thailand starts from this moment."

A career soldier who fought in Korea before becoming Thailand's supreme commander, Kriangsak was involved in four coups, the last of which brought him to the Prime Minister's office in November 1977. Trading his camouflage fatigues for pinstripe suits, he evolved into a democrat and statesman. He abolished press censorship, hiked the minimum wage, offered amnesty to Communist insurgents and organized free elections under a new constitution. He also pulled off a tricky diplomatic balancing act, improving relations with Communist neighbors in Hanoi and Phnom-Penh while strengthening Thailand's ties with Washington. Even so, a 35% leap in petroleum prices eroded his popularity, and, as inflation soared and public discontent grew, Kriangsak stepped aside in March 1980 in favor of army Commander in Chief and Minister of Defense General Prem Tinsulanond. Prem soon had his own problems, especially after a leading group in his ruling coalition walked out of the government in February.

Kriangsak

In June, when Parliament passed a bill permitting any political group with 15 members to register as a bona fide party, Kriangsak saw a ready-made coalition consisting of old allies belonging to other parties. With brisk efficiency he assembled a group of business supporters who poured more than $1 million into his election campaign.

Kriangsak enters Parliament with a powerful political base. He appointed 150 of the Senate's 225 members while Premier, and he hopes to attract enough support in the lower house to make his National Democrat Party the leader of the opposition. If that happens, Prem's regime will confront a formidable foe. But Kriangsak coyly denies any plan to topple the government. Says he: "I'm nobody's enemy." ■

Father Rother talking with Indian parishioners

GUATEMALA

Case Not Closed

Framing a trio for murder

"Priest's killers captured," proclaimed the front page headline in the Guatemala City daily *Diario Impacto* on Aug. 4. That was fast work. According to stories that appeared in all Guatemala's major newspapers, the national police had taken only seven days to solve the murder of Father Stanley Rother, 46, the red-bearded Oklahoma-born missionary who was found dead on the floor of his rectory last month in the mountain village of Santiago Atitlán. Three Indians from the area were arrested and charged with the killing, which authorities said was committed during a burglary.

For Guatemalan President Fernando Romeo Lucas García, the arrests were timely and convenient. Father Rother's murder, widely believed to be the work of a pro-government rightist hit squad, had been a major embarrassment for Lucas García's regime. The killing occurred just as the Reagan Administration was considering a resumption of the military aid that was cut off during the Carter years because of Guatemala's deplorable human rights record. The prompt arrests, however, seemed to vindicate the government's system of justice and disprove charges that its security forces may have been involved in the killing. Government officials hoped the arrests would impress newly appointed U.S. Ambassador Frederic Chapin, who is expected to arrive in the country at the end of this month.

TIME has learned, though, that the arrests were a frame-up to placate the U.S. According to "official sources" cited by Guatemalan newspapers, the police were led to the killers' trail largely by the testimony of one witness: Sister Ana Maria Gonzales Arias, a Mexican nun working as a missionary in Santiago Atitlán. Sister Gonzales was said to have told officials that she saw "various armed men" wearing hoods enter the church, where they were discovered by Father Rother apparently while they were "seeking to rob the church's money."

In reality, Sister Gonzales saw nothing. She was asleep in a nearby convent when the killing took place. There were only two eyewitnesses. One was Francisco Bocel Cumes, 18, a gardener, who was forced at gunpoint to lead the killers to Father Rother's sleeping quarters. The other was an American nurse named Bertha Sanchez, who was sleeping in a guest room in the rectory the night of the murder. After the fatal shots were fired, Bocel Cumes ran to awaken Sister Gonzales and the other nuns. They all returned to Father Rother's sleeping quarters, where they found him lying in a pool of blood.

The next morning Guatemalan police interrogated Sanchez, Bocel Cumes and Sister Gonzales. A key point of their testimony: the killers were *ladinos* (men of mixed Indian and Spanish blood), considerably taller than the average full-blooded Indian, who spoke fluent Spanish. All of the arrested men are Indians who speak limited, heavily accented Spanish. Two of those arrested, Farmers Esteban Coche Leanda, 19, and Juna Quiju Caj, 25, actually were friends of Father Rother's. The third, Miguel Angel Mendoza Tecun, 32, is a well-known local merchant.

The government is now seeking the gardener as a suspect in the case, but he has gone into hiding. Two other principal witnesses have fled the country, fearing government reprisals because they had repudiated testimony about the crime. Nurse Sanchez, who is in the U.S., will not discuss the incident. Sister Gonzales has returned to Mexico, where Carmelite officials said that the Guatemalan authorities were "using her name to make false statements about how the killing had occurred."

Rother's family and friends in Oklahoma are convinced that he was not shot by the Indians. Says Archbishop Charles A. Salatka of Oklahoma City: "From what we are able to learn from our reliable ecclesiastical and other sources, I don't think that's the way it happened. Knowing Father Rother the way I do, I just don't think he would put his life on the line to prevent a robbery." Adds the slain priest's father, Franz: "They had to force their way into his bedroom to get him. If it was a simple robbery, he would not have tried to stop them." Says a foreign diplomat in Guatemala: "Nobody I know believes the government's story."

At week's end the government of General Lucas García refused to comment directly on the arrests or any other aspect of the case. Pressed for a statement, a spokesman for the presidential palace would say only, "There is violence everywhere in Guatemala." ■

Florence Nightingale Wants You!

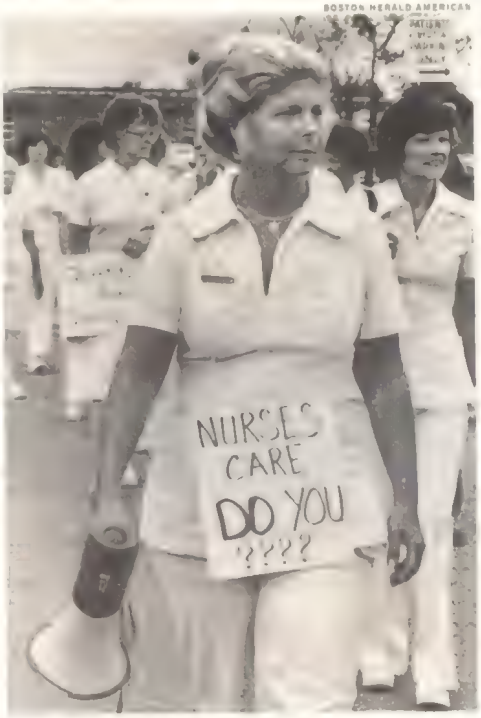
To recruit nurses, hospitals are boosting pay and perks

The scene outside two Massachusetts hospitals last week has become distressingly familiar at hospitals across the nation: nurses on a picket line. At Cape Cod Hospital in Hyannis, a walkout by 300 nurses last weekend resulted in a virtual shutdown of the facility, with only emergency room services being provided. Across the state in Pittsfield, the Berkshire Medical Center was struggling to get along with only a supervisory staff and 15 nurses; 425 nurses had been on strike for three weeks. "Money and benefits are the obvious complaints," says Denise Sullivan of the Massachusetts Nurses Association. "But more important is the fact that nurses are the lifeblood of any hospital. That is what is not being recognized."

Dissatisfied with the low pay, grueling hours and inferior status that have been their lot in the past and faced with expanding job opportunities for women, many nurses have left the field. About a quarter of the nation's nearly 1.5 million registered nurses are no longer practicing, and only two-thirds of those working do so full time. The number of new nurse graduates is decreasing. That has created 100,000 nursing vacancies in the U.S.—or 72 full-time positions at an average hospital. Says Tina Filoromo, president of the National Association of Nurse Recruiters: "As long as there were herds of us at the front door, no one cared how many went out the back door. Now hospitals are feeling the pinch."

To cope, some institutions have had to import nurses from the Philippines, the United Kingdom and Canada. By next year, 20% of the 5,600 nurses in New York's municipal hospitals will be Filipino. And still the city will be short 1,000 nurses. Many more use temporary nursing employment agencies that have proliferated, particularly in California, where the nurse shortage is acute. Some Southern California hospitals rely on such agencies for as much as 60% of their staff, but the solution is hardly ideal. Agency fees can cost a hospital millions of dollars each year. Staff morale suffers because temporary nurses set their own schedules and are better paid than full-time members of the hospital staff. More disturbing, agency nurses are not familiar with a hospital's specific procedures, which can lead to confusion and dangerous mistakes. Georgia Sobiech, staff director at St. Joseph Medical Center in Burbank, Calif., says flatly that registry nurses are often incompetent and that some agencies are no better than "pimps." As proof, she cites the case of a reporter from the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* who posed as a nurse, passed a registry exam and was sent off to a job. Says Sobiech: "You have no way of evaluating registry nurses until they do something stupid—and then it may be too late."

Many hospitals are redoubling efforts to recruit new nurses and keep the ones they already have. Through newspaper advertisements and job fairs, institutions hawk themselves with the zeal and ingenuity of used-car salesmen. At Rush-Presbyterian-St. Luke's Medical Center in Chicago, nurses willing to work nights for six months get a $1,200 bonus plus an extra week of vacation. At Iowa Methodist Medical Center in Des Moines, nurses on the night shift can take a leased car in lieu of a pay differential. In apartment-tight New York City, Beth Israel Medical Center has offered subsidized housing. Says Rose Hauer, director of nursing services, "If I had more apartments, I'd have no nurse vacancy problems." Parkway General Hospital in North Miami Beach pays a $300 bounty to employees for each nurse they help recruit—if the nurse stays for one year. The hospital also gives out-of-state nurses $1,000 to help defray moving costs, but that was not enough for one husband-wife nurse team who took jobs with another hospital because it paid for the move and offered free day-care facilities as well.



Striking nurses picketing hospital in Hyannis

Being wooed with free cars and day care.

Nurses' salaries now average $14,800 a year. But last month Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia began offering newcomers almost $19,000 a year, more than double what it paid in 1974. At Hollywood Medical Center in Florida, nurses on the night shift can earn up to $35,000 a year, about twice what many medical residents make. Flexible work hours are being introduced as well. One plan allows nurses to work a 24-hour weekend and get paid for a 40-hour week, full benefits included. At some places, weekend shifts can be avoided altogether. Says Joyce Alt, director of nursing at Houston's M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute, which offers 30 different schedules: "Absenteeism has been reduced by 50% and turnover by 55%." One contented M.D. Anderson nurse is Laurie Hendley, 36, who now works two 16-hour shifts on a weekend. Before, she says, "I was working 10½-hour shifts, sometimes four days at a stretch. I couldn't get enough rest. I wanted to go back to school and finish work on my degree, but there wasn't time. I was getting depressed."

Hospitals are also beginning to redesign nursing's career pattern, which traditionally led to administrative jobs. "In the past, if you didn't become a head nurse, there was nowhere to go," Filoromo says. "Now a nurse who chooses to remain at the bedside can get more money and the recognition she needs."

As welcome as these changes are, they do not address one of the main causes of nurse dissatisfaction. Traditionally, nurses have been physicians' handmaidens, often unable to make even minor decisions on patient care. Nurses say they want more responsibility and more autonomy and not to be treated simply as someone who is there to empty bedpans. Says Burma Garrett, a Florida operating-room nurse who quit after 16 years: "All the money in the world is not going to compensate for the abuse we take from doctors. Once the new nurses have been in the field a while, they'll discover that those advertisements don't mean a thing."

But others are more hopeful. Says Hauer of Beth Israel, where a committee of doctors and nurses meets regularly to discuss hospital practices: "All the publicity about the nurse shortage is paying off. Physicians are beginning to think, 'We may need nurses,' and their attitude is changing. I never thought it would before."

—By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Joseph Pilcher/Los Angeles and Janice C. Simpson/New York, with other U.S. bureaus

For *Tonight*, No More Tomorrows

The Daily News *cuts back to stay alive*

The grim dispatches have come one after another, like casualty reports from the front lines. First the Washington *Star* announced it was closing. A few days later, the Philadelphia *Bulletin* gave its unions until this week to accept $5 million in contract concessions; otherwise it, too, would shut down. Now the New York *Daily News* has announced that its year-old afternoon paper, *Tonight*, will stop publication on Aug. 28. Thus was written the latest chapter in a two-decade-old story of failure in the afternoon, this time with the loss of 320 jobs on the nation's largest metropolitan newspaper. But the significance of the *Daily News* decision went beyond its ill-fated evening edition. In explaining *Tonight's* demise, *News* officials also acknowledged that the once invincible morning paper was in serious trouble.

New York *Daily News* Publisher Robert Hunt announcing the demise of *Tonight*

Another victim of the shoals that have sunk afternoon dailies for two decades.

Long the bible of New York's ethnic and blue-collar communities, the *News* started to slip as its traditional audience moved to the suburbs. Circulation dropped from 1.9 million in 1975 to 1.5 million last spring. To stanch the flow, the *News* and the parent Chicago Tribune Co. decided to seek a new readership among New York commuters and affluent Manhattan residents. They launched *Tonight* as a sophisticated answer to Rupert Murdoch's sensation-mongering New York *Post*, which had the afternoon market all to itself. Clay Felker, who had founded *New York* magazine, was brought in as editor, and scores of new writers, editors and graphics artists were recruited.

With plenty of bravado but little foresight, the *News* tried to navigate the shoals that had caused evening papers elsewhere to founder: distribution delays in city traffic snarls and competition from suburban newspapers and local television news. Those hurdles proved insurmountable. *Tonight* received a huge injection from a $20 million *News* revitalization fund, but its circulation, headily projected at 300,000, finally slumped to 70,000. The *News's* profits gave way to a torrent of red ink: even with *Tonight* folded, the paper expects to lose $11 million this year. Said Publisher Robert Hunt: "We went all out to produce the liveliest, most interesting editorial package we could and, damn it, it didn't work. It was a bad marketing plan. We made a mistake and we're going to correct it." He said a year's experience was a "fair test," but many staffers disagreed. Said Edwin Diamond, former associate editor of *Tonight:* "Management did not give it enough time. *60 Minutes* was given ten years to find its audience."

The evening edition never hit a consistent editorial stride; at first it was so badly organized that it was hard to find regular features. Says one former staffer: "They started *Tonight* on Aug. 18. By Labor Day it was clear that management was already uncomfortable with the paper." *Tonight* underwent a major cutback and editorial overhaul in June, when Felker departed. Some of the paper's special sections were cut in half and distribution to outlying suburban areas was curtailed. As Hunt put it later: "Storm clouds were coming up in the financial numbers." In recent weeks *Tonight* staffers who queried editors about the paper's future were advised to look for other jobs. The only question remaining was how deep the cuts would go. Of the 320 slated to get the ax, 63 were in the editorial department (including virtually all the staff hired for *Tonight*) and the rest in advertising, circulation, administration and the paper's blue-collar crafts. Said one *News* editor: "It was like a Thanksgiving meal. It takes days to prepare and 20 minutes to eat. They ate 320 people in a 20-minute press conference today."

Still, if the retrenchment had not been made, the entire *Daily News* might have found itself sitting down to a final meal. With 4,000 employees, more than triple the number at the *Post* (circ. 730,000), and an aging plant, the *News* is saddled with high overhead. Inflation has sent the paper's expenses soaring just when readership began to decline sharply, cutting into circulation and advertising revenues. Only six years ago, the *Daily News* had profits of $10 million. Hunt met with union leaders before making his announcement to seek their help in holding down costs. Though he promised that the newspaper would live up to its contracts, further retrenchment seems inevitable. Salaries for nonunion middle-management employees will be frozen at 1981 levels, and top executives will take a 10% pay cut.

After a year trying to put a Brooks Brothers cravat on its blue-collar audience, *Daily News* officials are convinced that they have rediscovered their market. Says Hunt: "We think we now have a mission that we understand. We're going to let the *Post* have the bottom and we're going to try to keep the New York *Times* from coming down on us and we're going after that group in the middle." He added: "I'm not going to let this paper fail." But to one editor fired during last week's shake-up, the *News's* revamped strategy was just another example of the editorial schizophrenia that destroyed *Tonight*. "They are trying to go back downscale now," said she. "But they forget the reason we went upscale is that downscale wasn't working." *—By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Janice C. Simpson/New York*

One-Two Punch

ABC–Group W cable team

When Ted Turner launched his Cable News Network last year, broadcasting insiders condescendingly predicted that the "Mouth of the South" had finally bitten off more than he could chew. They were convinced that American TV viewers, accustomed to half an hour of headline skimming on the networks each evening, would never tune in a 24-hour news channel in sufficient numbers to support Turner's expensive satellite system. Barely a year later, CNN has corralled a potential audience of 8 million, won applause for its live coverage of breaking news, and is on the verge of turning a profit.

Now other broadcasting companies are getting on the bandwagon. Last week

ABC Video Enterprises and Westinghouse Broadcasting's Group W Communications announced joint plans for two all-news cable channels next year. Satellite NewsChannels will be offered free to cable companies (CNN charges cable operators 15¢ to 20¢ per subscriber) and will feature both a short and long look at events

The first channel, scheduled to go into operation next spring, will mimic the all-news format used by many radio stations, with roundups of the day's top stories aired at least twice every hour, and sports, weather and short features tucked in between. "Give us 18 minutes," Satellite NewsChannels boasts, "and we'll give you the world." Satellite NewsChannels will carry film footage from ABC News but will not enlist the network's on-camera correspondents. Using four of the Group W stations and a mini-network of other local stations around the country, the new channel will also produce a five-minute segment each hour of local and regional news, a bonus that CNN does not provide.

The second channel, to be launched late in 1982, will offer in-depth reporting and extended coverage of breaking stories. ABC will produce these longer segments, most likely utilizing its own personnel as reporters and narrators. After breaking network news molds with its late-evening *Nightline* 17 months ago, ABC is clearly trying to launch another pre-emptive strike against CBS and NBC. Says ABC News and Sports President Roone Arledge: "The combination of the two services is going to be something that's not available on commercial TV."

Start-up costs for this one-two punch are estimated at $35 million to $40 million, but that figure could grow. The broadcasts will be beamed off a new satellite, Western Union's Westar IV, scheduled for launching in January. Since few local cable operators have equipment capable of receiving signals from Westar, Satellite NewsChannels may have to chip in for the necessary hardware. Installing a satellite dish, for example, costs upwards of $10,000. A more serious problem: ABC affiliates may grumble—or even defect to CBS or NBC—if the network's top journalists begin turning up on competing cable outlets.

Network reaction to the ABC–Group W venture was muted. Even Ted Turner was quieter than usual. The fact that the ABC–Group W service will be provided free to cable operators puts CNN at a competitive disadvantage. On Wall Street, the price of Turner Broadcasting System Inc. stock dropped 3 points, 18% of its market value, within hours of the announcement of ABC-Westinghouse's plans. The ultimate question, of course, is whether there is an audience large enough to support three all-news channels. Arledge, for one, is optimistic: "There are news junkies in this world and there are more and more of them every day." ■

General Secretary Rafransoa, center, during conference meeting in Nairobi

Religion

Dollars and Diplomacy

The All Africa Conference tries to recoup and regroup

The 300 delegates who gathered in Nairobi last week for the fourth General Assembly of the All Africa Conference of Churches were shunted away from the organization's fancy new headquarters on Waiyaki Way. Instead, they met in an unpretentious teachers' college outside the Kenyan capital. A conference hall and chapel, intended to serve as an imposing centerpiece for Africa's largest ecumenical body, is still unfinished for lack of funds.

It was only the most visible reminder of difficulties facing representatives of 118 non-Catholic churches in 33 countries and their troubled young organization. Christianity is growing faster in Africa than anywhere else in the world—at a rate of more than 16,000 new converts a day. But the A.A.C.C. is plagued by internal dissension and faced with dramatic deficits.

The conference was founded in 1958 to help Christians cooperate in spreading faith and furthering social justice in Africa. Under its previous general secretary, the Rev. Canon Burgess Carr, a forceful Anglican from Liberia, the fledgling ecumenical group won considerable prestige. Among other things, Carr helped bring an end to Sudan's 17-year civil war. But he committed the group to a grandiose building (estimated cost: $2 million), and his authoritarian style and outspoken emphasis on politics irritated not only conference conservatives but many local governments. After a dispute with Kenyan authorities, he resigned.

Hoping to recoup and regroup, the A.A.C.C. last January turned to the Rev. Maxime Victory Rafransoa, 46, a native of Madagascar with impeccably ecumenical credentials: he was baptized a Congregationalist, raised a Presbyterian and confirmed a Lutheran. More important, in contrast to his flamboyant predecessor, Rafransoa is soft-spoken and diplomatic.

Past conferences have chosen politically grandiloquent themes such as nation building, development and liberation. This year's slogan went back to basics: following the light of Jesus Christ. The emphasis throughout was on reconciliation. Overemphasis might be a more apt description; sessions were conducted behind closed doors and dissenting voices were sometimes ignored in an effort to create an impression of unity. Even so, the question of developing a consistent political role for the church could not be avoided. The most forceful call for change came from South African Colored Dutch Reformed Minister Allan Boesak. After condemning repressive regimes with no respect for human rights, he singled out his homeland, where oppression is "carried out by Christians in the name of Christ."

That situation dramatizes A.A.C.C. difficulties in trying to unite in a heterogeneous Christian community. Though they represent 100 million members, the Nairobi delegates worried about future erosion in their ranks—to conservative evangelical churches and homegrown "independent" denominations. They urged leaders to make more "encounter journeys" to grass-roots churches.

In the past the A.A.C.C. has tried to shake off the stigma of having "missionary" ties by calling for an end to aid from Western churches. Facing fiscal woes, the Nairobi conference quietly reversed that position. Expressing the hope that the A.A.C.C. would develop into a "mature partner" of Western churches, Rafransoa said: "Please do not put conditions on us. The African church should be African." ■

Ken Hur's ad, appropriately painted on a hearse, is a familiar sight in Madison, Wis.

For Lawyers, the Adman Cometh

More and more practitioners find that it pays to make a pitch

No one raised an eyebrow back in 1838, when Springfield, Ill., Lawyer Abraham Lincoln's name appeared in a newspaper ad. By the early 1900s, however, most states had outlawed attorney advertising because it was considered unnecessary and, worse, unseemly. Then, in 1976, two young Phoenix lawyers took out a one column ad offering "legal services at very reasonable fees" and listed six examples. The pair were censured by the Arizona Supreme Court. A year later they won vindication: a U.S. Supreme Court ruling that the First Amendment bars prohibition of lawyer advertising, unless, for example, it is "false, deceptive or misleading."

Since that decision, only one in ten of the nation's lawyers has ventured into advertising. Many still fear that they will be stigmatized. Furthermore, in setting guidelines, many states have retained substantial barriers. Ten states bar slogans, twelve prohibit ads on TV, and Mississippi forbids rhetorical questions like "Do you need a lawyer?" Many of these restrictions may not survive much longer, though. In its next term the high court will decide whether Missouri is entitled to discipline a lawyer whose Yellow Pages ad identified one of his specialties as "personal injury" rather than "negligence," the state-approved word. In the process, the Justices could wipe out almost all such impediments.

Most attorneys who have tried advertising have stuck to newspapers and phone books, typically running so-called tombstone ads that specify their specialties and prices. A survey by the Los Angeles *Times*, however, found that 42% of such ads in its editions drew no responses.

Television has proved far more effective. In Denver, the Legal Clinic of Sarney, Trattler & Waitkus credits four slick 30-second TV spots for a 35% boost in business. Says Partner Saul Sarney: "We're reaching a whole group of people who didn't know what their rights were and felt intimidated by lawyers." In one bankruptcy ad, a violin plays as workmen cart furniture out of a home and a voice intones: "When financial tragedy strikes, you don't have to lose everything. There are laws to protect you."

Sometimes ads can succeed beyond a lawyer's wildest dreams. Madison, Wis., Attorney Ken Hur, founder of a low-cost legal clinic, pushed its services with a variety of novel pitches that he says made him "the advertisingest lawyer in America." A hearse, for example, began to rumble along local streets with a printed message promoting $15 wills. Before long, Hur left the clinic and boosted his own hourly charge to $100. He explains, "I had to raise my rates to drive away business."

Another advertising option is direct mail, which enables the sender to pinpoint his audience. Islip, N.Y., Lawyers William Harrison and Alfred Koffler were dissatisfied with their newspaper-ad campaign offering house closings for $235, so they reduced their rate another $40 and sent out letters to 7,500 homeowners. The result: 200 clients and disciplinary proceedings by the local bar association. While New York State's highest court backed the pair and ruled that direct mail was allowed, 38 states still prohibit it.

The ultimate beneficiaries of lawyer advertising, besides the aggressive clinics and attorneys like Ken Hur, whose campaigns catch on, may be consumers, mainly because they should end up better informed. Says the American Bar Foundation's Lori Andrews, author of a book on the subject (*The Birth of a Salesman*): "Right now people spend more time choosing a TV set than a lawyer." Arizona State University Professor Steven Cox believes that, at least for those seeking something routine like a simple will, there will be another benefit: reduced fees. ■

Over-the-Counter Advice

"These are our people," says Stephen Meyers, 38, co-founder of Jacoby & Meyers Law Offices. He is talking about the middle-class folks who had never before ventured into a lawyer's office but who now flock at the rate of 100 a month to each of the 27 J & M branches situated in Montgomery Ward stores throughout California. One reason for the heavy traffic is the firm's industry-leading television advertising budget: $1.7 million in 1980. Typically, the spots stress J & M's $20 consultation fee and the written estimate of future charges. The firm's most popular service, divorce, usually costs $200 (*vs.* $500 at a conventional firm).

The other inducement is the handy and informal office, which may be located anywhere Ward has room—near the credit department, say, or cheek by dowel with carpentry tools. Clients commonly bring in problems involving family law, traffic tickets, personal injury or wills. Since so many of these troubles tend to fit patterns, J & M can rely heavily on standard legal forms. As a result, the lawyers, who generally have at least four years of experience, can handle cases more quickly—the key to any clinic's low fees. To make payment even less painful, J & M accepts credit cards.

The success of the year-old experiment has not gone unnoticed. Zayre department stores, a 250-unit Eastern chain, have teamed up with lawyers in Ohio and Florida to open offices at three of its outlets and plans to develop others. Starting in January, 70 of H & R Block's 9,000 tax-preparing offices will offer lawyers, provided by the Cleveland-based Hyatt Legal Services. Meantime, a variation on department-store law offices is getting a trial in the Philadelphia area. A six-storefront chain, Legal Service Center of Arkans & Levin, found a way to cover a wide territory with one movable office: Partners Peter Levin and Steven Arkans put the essentials inside a 22-ft. converted mobile home, painted their phone number (L-E-G-A-L 44) on the sides and launched it on a circuit of some 20 shopping centers.

Florida's Battle of the Swamp

In the East Everglades, homesteaders and officials square off

After he retired from his road-paving business in Miami, Russell Carter, 63, acted on a lifelong dream. On five acres of sparsely settled land 20 miles west of the city, he set up a rural retreat, built a ranch house, landscaped the plot around it and stocked four new fresh-water ponds with fish. Ever since, Carter has been in deep trouble.

So have many of his neighbors. Jo Ann Kirkland, 42, was arrested and taken away in handcuffs. When a pesky bureaucrat called on Tom Cartier, 41, a retired nuclear reactor construction worker, he tossed the official into a pond where his pet alligator Pocketbook holes up (the man was unharmed). Vows Cartier: "I won't be threatened on my property."

The eye of this Southern squall is a 242-sq.-mi. area at the tip of the Florida peninsula known as the East Everglades. Like Everglades National Park, just to the west, it is still unspoiled, filled with palmettos and sawgrass, marshes and wildlife. And that is the problem. Eager to escape Florida's crowded, condo-filled coast, the homesteaders have picked one of the state's most ecologically fragile regions, essential to the environmental well-being of all of South Florida.

Much of the peninsula was once a great natural sponge of swamps, marshes and flood land that trapped and filtered fresh water. But to clear the way for development, as well as to control floods, these wetlands have been largely drained away. This has not only threatened the quality of surface water but also cut off its flow into underlying aquifers, the porous rock formations that serve as subterranean reservoirs.

Today very little untouched wetland remains, especially in Dade and Broward counties. They get much of their water from a formation called the Biscayne Aquifer, extending from Miami on the east to the Everglades on the west. But heavily populated Miami and its environs draw so much water that the water table is rapidly falling, permitting sea water to seep into the aquifer. Only in the Everglades, where the land over the aquifer is still unpaved, can this reservoir be effectively resupplied. To make matters worse, Florida has been suffering through a decade of sparse rainfall, which has dried up many swamps, at least temporarily. This year the drought is so severe that Governor Bob Graham declared South Florida a disaster area and approved plans for $450,000 worth of cloud seeding.

In spite of the East Everglades' ecological importance, government agencies took little notice of the new settlers until a real estate boom was well under way. Now at least 600 people live in the area. Most bought their property before 1978, when the Environmental Protection Agency began a $1.2 million East Everglades study that became part of a national wetlands preservation program. Many put up dwellings without building permits. Those who dug water holes rarely bothered to tell the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which supervises wetland areas. When officials finally served summonses and cease-and-desist orders, some were run off at gunpoint.

Under current zoning laws, one house is permitted on five acres. But government scientists have urged raising the zoning requirement to one house on 40 acres. They argue that if the population is allowed to rise, the residents will clamor for flood-control drainage canals, thus further reducing the area's ability to clean and store water. Beyond this, environmentalists point out, development will imperil the East Everglades as a feeding and breeding ground for wildlife in the neighboring national park, home of such endangered species as the Cape Sable sparrow and the Florida panther.

Dade County's board of commissioners is about to consider the zoning change. But the residents, who are already suing the county to save their homesteads, contend that the land is no longer a true wetland. They are determined to fight for every square inch. As one told County Planner Sam Poole, "If we don't get justice through the courts we'll get it with our guns." ■

Gun in hand, Russell Carter stands ready to protect his ranch house and five acres

Droughts, an alligator named Pocketbook, aquifers and the threat of rezoning.

Aerosol Link

Exploring the ozone loss

When the Government cracked down on the use of chemicals called chlorofluorocarbons in aerosol sprays three years ago, a major row erupted. Some scientists welcomed the ban, contending that the synthetic compounds—like Freon—were destroying the earth's ozone layer, a shield against the sun's ultraviolet rays. They warned that loss of ozone could cause more cancer and perhaps alter the weather. Other scientists pooh-poohed such doomsday scenarios as unproved.

Last week the controversy was revived when Donald Heath, a physicist at NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center, reported actual evidence of ozone depletion. His study, based on long-term weather satellite observations, indicated a reduction of about 1% in total ozone volume, with most of the losses concentrated at an altitude of about 25 miles. Though Heath acknowledged that his findings could not be tied directly to the chemicals, he pointed out that there is a suggestive link: calculations have shown that if chlorofluorocarbons were, in fact, damaging atmospheric ozone, the greatest harm would probably occur at about 25 miles.

Herbert Wiser, an EPA science adviser, called the findings no more than "mildly suggestive." One problem, added Shelby Tilford, NASA's chief of atmospheric processes, is that the amount of ozone may fluctuate with variations in the sun's ultraviolet radiation. To help settle the argument, Harvard's James G. Anderson plans to launch a huge balloon, 450 ft. in girth, in New Mexico next fall. Equipped with a battery of sensitive devices, its gondola will move up and down like a yo-yo through the upper atmosphere, between altitudes of 12 miles and 25 miles, not only measuring the ozone but detecting chemicals that may be destroying it. ■

COVER STORY

He Digs Downtown

For Master Planner James Rouse, urban life is a festival

The people are the city.
—Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

They come in every size, costume, complexion, class and age, an ever renewing multitude, lured to ocean's edge as inexorably as water sprites. From early morning until well past midnight, natives and tourists by the thousands turn Baltimore's Inner Harbor into a continuous celebration: milling on the promenades, perching on the bulkheads, dangling feet in the drink, flirting on the benches, lounging in the outdoor cafés, ogling, jogging, strolling, munching, sipping, savoring the sounds and sweet airs. In their midst, jugglers hurl batons, mimes mime, clowns pratfall and dancers soar. At one time or another, the sounds of jazz, Mozart, marching bands, rock, Rodgers, Bach, bagpipes and bouzouki fill the air. The air is filled, too, with the fragrances of fresh-baked bread, cheeses, chocolate, roasting coffee beans, crêpes, French fries, fruit, sausage, seafood, soul food, souvlaki, spices and herbs.

All this wafts like a siren song from the twin glass and green-roofed shopping pavilions that form the year-old Harborplace: two-story, block-long, translucent pleasure domes where visitors can be seen from outside swarming in rhythmic schools like the angelfish at the nearby National Aquarium in Baltimore, a dazzling, $21.3 million piscine habitat that was formally opened Aug. 8 *(see box)*.

Fifteen years ago, the 3.2-acre site of Harborplace was part of a 250-acre wasteland of rotting wharves, markets, warehouses and railroad yards, the worst of Baltimore's then decrepit downtown. Its transformation into the commercial and social centerpiece of the Inner Harbor and the energizing jolt it has sent through the entire city are the result of $20 million worth of construction, plus the ideas and energy of an affable Marylander named James Wilson Rouse.

Rouse, 67, considers himself a developer, but is best described as an urban visionary. Over the past five years, in such innovative ventures as Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace, Philadelphia's Gallery at Market Street East and Santa Monica Place, a covered shopping mall in the heart of the California coastal city, he has shown a unique and uncanny ability to blend commerce and showmanship into a magnetizing force in the inner city. In the process, he has also sought to reshape current-day thinking about the functions and rewards of city life. The Rouse philosophy revolves not so much around real estate as around meeting the needs and desires of people—which, to say the least, seemed bizarre to most mortgage bankers when he was starting out. He has more than proved his point, and nowhere more spectacularly than in Baltimore.

Harborplace, in its first year of operation ending last month, attracted more visitors (18 million) than Disney World, earned $42 million, created 2,300 jobs and returned to the city more than $1.1 million in taxes. More important, it has lived up to Master Planner Rouse's criterion of the inner city as "a warm and human place, with diversity of choice, full of festival and delight." Like Faneuil Hall Marketplace, it has helped restore a sense of community and vitality to a divided, decaying, once apathetic older city.

The National Aquarium, the most advanced and by all odds the most attractive of its kind in the world, caps a $1.5 billion revitalization program on which Baltimore embarked 25 years ago. The renaissance has been led by a remarkable coalition of preservationists, Big Business and city government and, since 1971, has been accelerated by Mayor William Donald Schaefer ("Baltimore Is Best"), one of the most effective urban executives in the U.S. today *(see box)*. Few cities anywhere can boast so dramatic a turn-around.

First, Baltimore literally disemboweled itself, clawing out 33 downtown acres to make way for Charles Center, a high-rise office development fronting on the city's main north-south thoroughfare. Next, moving harborward, came I.M. Pei's 28-story World Trade Center. It was accompanied by a long-needed Convention Center and the Maryland Science Center, where visitors are encouraged to touch exhibits, push buttons, pull levers and turn wheels. Also on the waterfront, a music tent called the Outdoor Concert Pavilion has unfolded delicate wings, embracing thrice-weekly crowd pullers ranging from Yehudi Menuhin and the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra to Ella Fitzgerald, Judy Collins and the Lettermen. The city's surprisingly lively local theater scene encompasses the 1,800-seat Morris A. Mechanic Theater, the city-renovated Center Stage Theater, the Arena Players, one of the oldest black theatrical groups in the country, and half a dozen smaller companies. An eight-mile subway is due to open in 1982. A handsome 500-room Hyatt Regency Hotel has arisen on the harbor's edge.

Mercifully, the emphasis has been on saving the good old buildings of the downtown's surrounding neighborhoods rather than destroying them. Baltimore's homesteading program, the nation's most ambitious, has preserved scores of blocks of dilapidated but essentially sound and potentially elegant 19th century red-brick row houses—something of a city trademark. For a $1 purchase price per house and the promise of "sweat equity," private citizens are restoring such historic neighborhoods as Ridgeley's Delight, Otterbein, Barre Circle, Stirling Street, Durham Street and Washington Hill. There is a similar program of "shopsteading," whereby businessmen are encouraged to salvage old stores. Notes City Planner Larry Reich: "Nothing happens here by itself. People have to make it happen." The ferment has stirred the spirit of the city's neighborhoods, 100 of which now mount their own festivals. In addition, 16 ethnic groups in the city, ranging from Estonians to Italians, hold festivals each year in Charles Center or the Inner Harbor.

> "The only legitimate purpose of a city is to

This is the new Baltimore, not to be confused with the old, a.k.a. *Bawlamer*, in the state of *Merlin*. (The *naves* drop *consnans* as liberally as cockneys dispense with aitches. The machine with which you mow your

From the Pratt Street Pavilion, Rouse surveys the festive scene of his Harborplace development. Fireworks display celebrates the opening of National Aquarium in Baltimore

Photographs for TIME by Ted Thai

provide for the life and growth of its people."

lawn is, of course, your *paramour*.) It has long been called Survival City. Another monicker was Mobtown, after its citizens' proclivity for rioting. Because it was long famed for 5¢ beer, 10¢ crabcakes and 15¢ rye whisky, it was more affectionately dubbed Nickel City. *Bawlamer*, 252 years old, was traditionally a blue-collar, beer-and-shot town, built on 19th century technologies, mainly steel and shipbuilding that have since trailed off, as has its population. Of its 780,000 people, down from 939,000 in 1960, almost 55% are now black, of whom 40% or more are jobless.

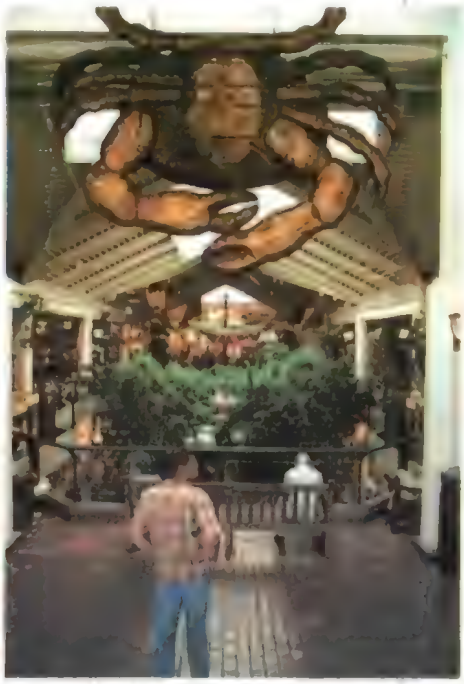
As urban evangelists like Mayor Schaefer or Rouse (co-author of a 1955 treatise titled *No Slums in Ten Years*) saw it, Baltimore could become a valuable and joyous town. It is, after all, the home of the Orioles, the Ouija board, the softshell crab, the national anthem, the nation's first passenger railroad (the Baltimore & Ohio), Johns Hopkins Hospital and University, the Preakness, H.L. Mencken and Edgar Allan Poe (not to mention Spiro Agnew). It is also one of the last American possessors of a genuine honky-tonk district, known fondly as The Block, though even that lusty landmark has been sadly vulgarized by topless dancing and a renewal project that has largely plasticized its façade. Mencken once complained that the Baltimore harbor of his youth had smelled in summer like "a billion polecats." Today the Inner Harbor is not a cesspool but a scene of jams and jollity. The white middle class is returning from the suburbs in droves. More than 20% of Harborplace visitors are *torsts* from out of state. Baltimore is no longer, as they used to say, "a town on the way to another town," or Washington's Brooklyn.

On his frequent visits to Harborplace, the Most Happy Fella among all strollers and browsers is Jim Rouse himself. Though the Maryland-based Rouse Co. is one of the world's largest real estate development and management organizations (1980 revenues: $119.5 million), controlling a nationwide retail kingdom that in aggregate acreage is bigger than the principality of Monaco, its multimillionaire founder is not a regular at the "21" Club or Maxim's. Rouse is more comfortable with his feet on the ground of his own projects, and the new Baltimore is clearly the one dearest to his heart; indeed, he was a founder of the potent renovationist Greater Baltimore Committee in 1955, and has been a resident witness to its progress over most of the years since. "The only legitimate purpose of a city," he believes fervently, "is to provide for the life and growth of its people." Which is not too far from Aristotle's injunction: "The goal of the city is to make man happy and safe."

Rouse is a stocky (5 ft. 11 in.), balding, bespectacled man who looks like —and has been—an elder of the Presbyterian Church. On a recent late-morning tour of Harborplace, he was dressed like an avuncular preppie in a blue button-down shirt, a loud madras jacket and Bass Weejun loafers. Ankling around his waterfront pavilions, he is not so much a monarch surveying his turf as a wide-eyed tourist in a wonderland of consumer goodies. In the Light Street Pavilion, he sniffs the potted hydrangeas at the entrance, saunters beamishly past scores of food outlets, surveys Remembering You, a handsomely stocked gift shop, and peeks in on a shop crammed with antique postcards. He exchanges a few joky words with Anthony Hawkins, the 36-year-old black manager of Harborplace. At the Kite Loft, Rouse pays $1.95 for a "puddle jumper," a wooden propeller on a stick that whirls aloft and settles gently into the harbor. Rouse is pleased to note that on a busy weekday, the pavilion is spotless.

Lunch-bound, Rouse strolls across the brick promenade to the Pratt Street Pavilion, passing broadside the still formidable-looking cannons of the three-masted frigate U.S.F. *Constellation*, one of the first warships commissioned by the infant republic in 1797. The developer looks in on several retailers in the Pratt Street complex, which houses mostly smart boutiques and specialty stores like the Chesapeake Knife and Tool and the Powder Room, which sells cosmetics. The Rouse Co. carefully screens the tenants in all its projects. At Harborplace, out of an initial 2,000 applications, only about 30 were chosen. Says Rouse: "When we have openings in our shopping centers, we look for tenants who fit in, and who add something to our overall plan." Even the names of businesses are checked in advance to avoid excessive cuteness. The secret, says Benjamin Thompson, the Cambridge, Mass., architect who designed Faneuil Hall Marketplace and Harborplace, "is individual proprietorship, with immense chaotic variety."

Over lunch, Rouse expands on his philosophy of urban development. "We have lived so long with grim congested, worn-out inner cities and sprawling, cluttered outer cities, that we have subconsciously come to accept



Pratt Street Pavilion, under bow of U.S.F. *Constellation*, the nation's first commissioned warship; inside the Light Street Pavilion warship

From "the smell of a billion polecats" to a "warm and human place, with diversity of choice, full of festival and delight"

Symphony on Pier 3

Its pyramidal glass roof juts proudly into the sky, 157 ft. above Harborplace, and its splash of gaily colored panels shimmers in the sun's bright glow. As architecture, the new National Aquarium in Baltimore is striking; as a scientific and educational showcase, it already ranks among the nation's best.

Perched on Pier 3 at the eastern end of the harbor, the aquarium—city-owned and built without federal funds—was begun in 1976. Although Congress did not contribute funds for its construction, it nevertheless designated the rising structure a national aquarium in 1979. By July its three huge tanks were filled with almost 500,000 gal. of salt water (most of it synthetic, since the genuine briny from the Inner Harbor does not have enough salt to sustain many marine creatures) and were ready to receive the first of some 5,000 fish, mammals, birds and amphibians that the aquarium now contains. A hoped-for completion date of July 4 was not met, but last week, amid fish-shaped kites, an appearance by Roy Rogers and fireworks at night, it officially opened. Said Executive Director James Kepley, 38, a muscular, red-bearded marine biologist: "Working toward this day has been a perpetual high for 3½ years."

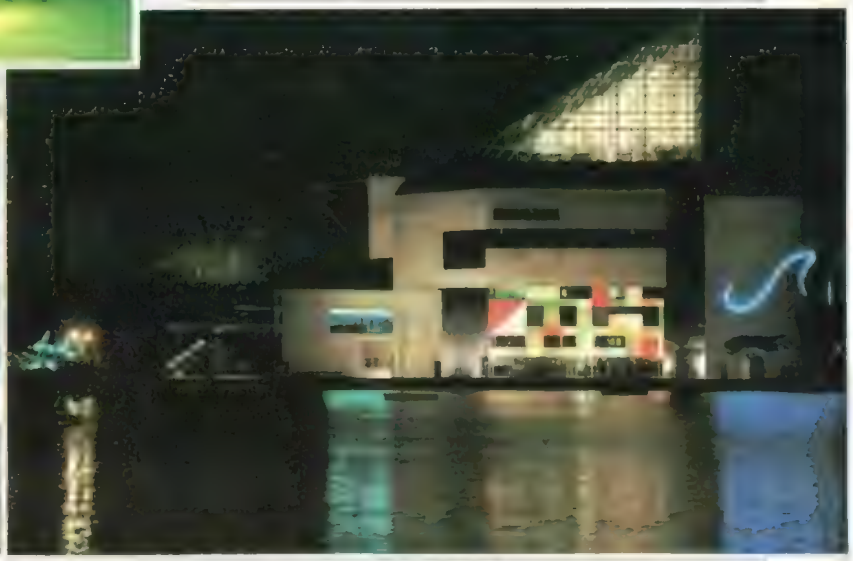
Designed by Peter Chermayeff, 45, chief architect of Cambridge Seven Associates, the building improves upon concepts the firm used in 1970 for Boston's successful New England Aquarium. Chermayeff describes the layout as similar to a symphony, with a linear structure following an "ABA" rhythm. The exhibits constitute the A elements, or as Chermayeff puts it, "something to read, confront, evoke a response." Long escalator rides from one floor to another through a dramatically high-ceilinged central space provide the release, or B elements. The building begins with a low-key introduction to water—large, blue bubble-tubes at the entrance—and after a long, steadily mounting crescendo ends on a sort of coda of quiet contemplation: a globe, 8 ft. in diameter and cut in half, frames the exit, graphically demonstrating the fragility of the oceans in relation to the earth's huge mass. Observes Chermayeff: "Museum fatigue is a serious problem, and I did not want that to happen here."

The aquarium's orchestrated splendors include plenty to justify the quote from the late anthropologist Loren Eisely that is lettered on a plaque at the start of the exhibits: "If there is magic on this planet, it is contained in water." Suspended majestically over the central space is a 63-ft. skeleton of a finback whale donated by the New York State Museum in Albany, where it had been on display from the 1890s to 1978. The dolphin pool, or "tray," is visible from almost every vantage point in the building, its rippling surface broken by the frothy play of four bottle-nosed dolphins. Recorded sounds of surf, sea birds, sea lions and even snapping crustaceans can be heard on the escalator rides.

Among the exhibits are re-creations of the watery environments of coral reefs and a section of the Maine coastline (assembled, ironically, from casts of rock taken along the shore of Massachusetts). The last is sure to be a hit with schoolchildren, since they will be able to pick up and handle living tidal organisms such as horseshoe crabs, moon snails and sand dollars. The 13-ft.-high viewing windows of two gigantic "race track" tanks, one atop the other, reveal the dark worlds of an Atlantic coral reef and the deep sea. Scores of trigger fish, tiger fish, parrot fish, grunts and blow fish swim in a traffic jam of color through the coral reef. Below, sea turtles and rays settle into the simulated depths, sometimes with understandable uneasiness, as eight species of shark hover near by.

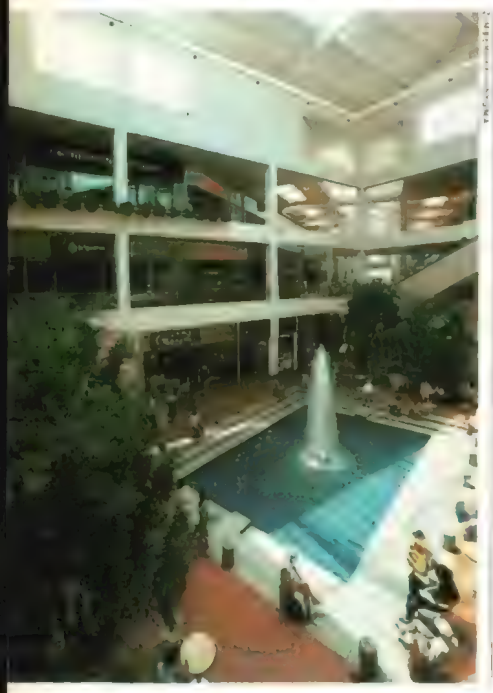
The spiritual as well as the physical apex of the aquarium is the tropical rain forest, housed in the 64-ft. glass pyramid that is the building's most distinctive feature. The rain forest illustrates the variety of environments dependent on water, and contains tall, exotic Amazonian trees, vines, shrubs, a waterfall, a stream and leafy ground cover, as well as lizards, snakes and frogs. From the visitors' platform one can take in the full glory of a complete ecosystem almost ten stories above the Inner Harbor, and at the same time view the vista of a redeveloped Baltimore embracing the horizon.

Aquarium's whale skeleton and (inset) lemon shark



Exterior view at night: a pyramid of orchestrated splendors

Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace: the secret is individual ownership and "chaotic variety"



them as inevitable and unavoidable. Deep down in our national heart is a lack of conviction that cities can be beautiful, humane, and truly responsive to the needs and yearnings of our people."

That attitude, he believes, is wrongheaded and dangerous. After the riots that rocked cities across the U.S. in 1967, Rouse recalls, he told the Senate Finance Committee that "the task of making the American city a fit place to grow our people is the No. 1 priority of our civilization." Without viable and vital cities, there would *be* no civilization. Most cities were founded either as fortresses or marketplaces, Rouse points out, and nowadays he recovers the original impetus of modern cities by creating a marketplace-festival as the dynamo of downtown. He invokes a phrase he has made familiar among urbanologists: "Profit is the thing that hauls dreams into focus." Another familiar Rouse-ism: "It's not how many people live in a city. It's how many people use it."

The suburbs, Rouse argues, "sucked the blood out of the central cities and left behind some of the urban basket cases we see today." The middle-class exodus from the cities was to a large extent facilitated by the Federal Government, which built the freeways, provided relatively low-interest FHA and G.I. mortgages, and allowed homeowners to discount mortgage interest against their income taxes. Rouse believes the American city could well have gone the way of the brontosaurus, the dodo and the 3¢ stamp.

Instead, the cities eventually bottomed out and started climbing back up. One factor, Rouse believes, is that American values have changed. While as many as 65% of all U.S. households now have two wage earners, more than half have no children; thus two of the compelling arguments for suburban living, acceptable schools and affordable housing, are becoming increasingly irrelevant for a sizable segment of the population. Moreover, says Rouse, "the old dream of suburbia —the house with a fence and the backyard barbecue—is fading. Young people increasingly tend to look at the suburbs as sterile and uninteresting."

Urban decline is being stopped by the cities themselves—and by ventures like Faneuil Hall Marketplace and Harborplace. "The rebirth of the cities really started during the past decade or so," Rouse says. "Now we're right on the edge of a big transformation of the central city. Reports of the death of the American city were premature. The American city isn't dying. It's being reborn."

It will have to be. By the end of the century, nearly half of all Americans may be living in dwellings that do not exist today, on land that has not yet been broken. Rouse maintains that the nation's population grows by about 300,000 a month, enough to fill a city the size of Toledo. Between now and the year 2000, the population of Los Angeles and that of the San Francisco Bay Area may both double. Baltimore's population could increase by the size of present-day Miami. There is a compelling need for the kind of long-term urban planning that draws on every available social and sociological discipline and imagination. Rouse says that "our cities grow by sheer chance, by accident, by the whim of the private developer and public agencies. A farm is sold and the land begins to sprout houses instead of potatoes. Forests are cut. Valleys are filled. Streams are turned into storm sewers. An expressway is hacked through the landscape. Then a cloverleaf, then a regional shopping center, then office buildings, then high-rise apartments. In this way, the bits and pieces of a city are splattered across the landscape. By this irrational process, non-communities are born, formless places without order, beauty or reason, with no visible respect for either people or the land."

Ultimately, of course, urban-suburban sprawl is intolerable not just because it is ugly, oppressive and dull but because it is inefficient. Says Rouse: "Suburban sprawl stretches out the distances people must travel to work, to shop, to worship, to play. It fails to relate these activities in ways

Interior of Santa Monica Place; new city of Columbia, Md., as seen from Rouse headquarters

that strengthen each other, and thus it suppresses values that orderly relationships and concentration of uses would stimulate. Sprawl is inhuman. It is anti-human." Yet, Rouse notes, there is probably not one metropolitan area in the U.S. with a really comprehensive, credible plan for its long-term development.

Planning is the key to any Rouse enterprise. How that can work for the future of the American city can best be seen in Columbia, Md., a new kind of community that was developed and planned down to the shape and color of the street lights (round and white) by the Rouse Co., whose four-story, stucco-and-glass headquarters are located beside one of the town's three man-made lakes. The community's 22 sq. mi., almost the size of Manhattan, were quietly, even furtively, assembled over nine months. The farm land had been an obvious target for piecemeal subdivision. Modeled largely on British garden cities and new towns, Columbia was designed around three major goals: preservation of the natural terrain, provision of different types of housing for different groups, and the creation of jobs.

With a population of nearly 60,000, a highly regarded school system, branches of four colleges, one hospital and almost 30,000 jobs, Columbia has five self-sufficient village centers, each made up of three or four neighborhoods. The city's population is about 20% black. "Columbia works," says Rouse, who lives in a low, modern home there. "It's not some half-baked utopia. It makes good use of the land—hell, 30% of Columbia is park land. Streams and flood plains have been left alone. It also provides living proof that the races can live together. What is really important about Columbia is the marvelous advance in race relations."

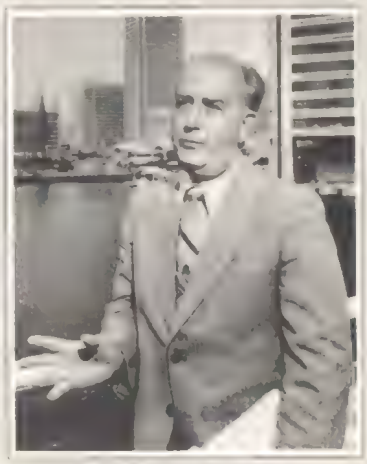
A recent survey of Columbia residents showed that 63% of those who settled there did so, at least in part, because they wanted their children to grow up with those of other races. "Racial problems can only be solved in the cities," Rouse maintains. At Harborplace, the Rouse Co. was one of the first commercial enterprises in the U.S. to create a special unit with the sole function of setting up black-owned firms. Of its 134 businesses, 18 are black-owned, some with financial aid from the Rouse Co. Most of them are extremely successful despite the fact that, as Rouse puts it, "black people have no image of success in business." More than 40% of the Harborplace workforce is drawn from minorities. In most urban renewal projects, blacks and other minorities often complain, with good reason, that they have been displaced to make room for affluent whites. This is not a fair charge in Rouse's case, however, since most of his developments have been planned around thinly populated areas and have in fact helped stabilize adjoining neighborhoods.

Jim Rouse was born in the gracious

Wedded to His Home Town

"I care about people," says Baltimore's Mayor William Donald Schaefer. "I know that sounds silly." It does not sound the least bit silly to his constituents. In the worst and best of times since he was first elected ten years ago, the balding, portly (5 ft. 9 in., 186 lbs.) executive has doggedly fought city hall sloth, inefficiency, arrogance and red tape. He believes that the city's neighborhoods, with their rich ethnic mix, are Baltimore's greatest asset. He has extracted some $55 million for housing and development beyond the city's federally mandated entitlements of about $240 million from Washington; the ninth largest U.S. municipality, Baltimore is the nation's third biggest recipient of federal Urban Development Action Grants.

Schaefer's weapons have been gall, soft soap, hard nose, demonic energy and the kind of showmanship Baltimore had not seen since the death of vaudeville. During a crippling 1974 strike by municipal workers, Hizzoner was out there pitching garbage on a sanitation truck. When the new National Aquarium failed to open by the July 4 deadline he had guaranteed, Willie Don, as they call him, demonstrated his contrition by plunging into the seal pool (temperature 79°) in striped Victorian swimsuit and straw boater, clutching a yellow rubber duck (he is also affectionately known as Donald Duck). His penitential immersion was shared by a voluptuous model done up as a mermaid. Since he was the target of an assassination attempt by a deranged citizen in 1976, Schaefer has been dogged by security guards; his daily delight is to shake them.



Schaefer in office over Inner Harbor

It is a truism in Baltimore that the mayor is married to his city. A bachelor at 59, he lives with his mother, Tululu, 87, in the same West Side house where he was born. He got his law degree at the University of Baltimore. Apart from three years as an Army hospital administrator in Europe during World War II, he has hardly ever left his home town. After a week of 18-hr. days, Schaefer likes to spend Saturdays and Sundays patrolling the neighborhoods in a 1975 Pontiac, furiously jotting "Mayor's Action Memos" about the potholes here, the garbage pileups there, a blanked-out street light in between. They get action on Monday, or else. Even when he departs on his annual one-week vacation in nearby Ocean City, he lugs boxes of official business.

A staunch Democrat who worked his way up through 19 years as a city councilman (he was council president for four years), Schaefer is a master at circumventing city hall bureaucracy. He has managed to push through major ventures like the Inner Harbor redevelopment and the subway now abuilding, by creating a series of quasi-public commissions. On every major civic commitment he has sought direct approval from the voters by referendum; he won all but one of them.

Baltimore is blessed with a strong mayoral system—and has had a succession of strong mayors. Another key to Schaefer's success is the willing, even ardent cooperation of business, even though Baltimore boasts no big corporate headquarters. The Greater Baltimore Committee, a civic organization of 900 businessmen, is running a "Blue Chip-In" campaign that is expected to raise $500,000 from local firms and create 200 jobs, thus partly offsetting President Reagan's slash in federal outlays for job training. Another group of Baltimore businessmen, taking a cue from a program pioneered in Minneapolis, is lining up some two dozen local firms to contribute up to 5% of their annual taxable income for civic and philanthropic causes. Still, Schaefer says of people and of neighborhoods: "They must show that they will help themselves."

Willie Don Schaefer manages to fit in only one private pastime: raising African violets in his city hall suite. With little time for books, he has never read H.L. Mencken but plans to make the sage's Union Square home a memorial. His real hobby, of course, is Baltimore. It has been a fruitful one. "Six years ago," he recalls, "I predicted that people would spend vacations in Baltimore. Everyone laughed, but it has been proved true."

Eastern Shore town of Easton, Md., itself a fine place for the growing of people. Though both his parents died when Rouse —one of six children—was 16, he attended the University of Hawaii, the University of Virginia and the University of Maryland, where he earned his law degree at night. His first job was at the Federal Housing Administration (FHA); in 1939, he and a partner started a mortgage banking company in Baltimore that was to be the forerunner of the Rouse Co. Returning to Baltimore after Navy service in World War II, Rouse became involved in the city's efforts to rehabilitate its growing and steadily worsening slums. As a member of numerous planning and housing groups, he became a nationally recognized expert on urban problems.

Ironically, the James Rouse who was later to be so vehement a critic of suburban hemorrhage built his fortune on that very phenomenon. Starting in 1957, Rouse cashed in on suburban migration by building some three dozen huge shopping centers outside such cities as San Antonio, Keokuk, Iowa, and Paramus, N.J. His Harundale Mall, outside Baltimore, was the first enclosed shopping center created by a developer in the U.S. and the biggest commercial venture in Baltimore history when it opened in 1958. Rouse became a convert to urban revitalization following the city riots of the 1960s and his realization that the suburbs were not working as livable communities, while the cities were capable of a new grasp on life.

Since its founding, the Rouse firm has financed more than $3 billion worth of real estate through its own mortgage banking company; it now has nearly $1 billion in real estate developments, including 35 regional retail centers that it has developed and 19 centers that it manages, in 18 states and Canada. The company, which netted $4 million last year, has 3,000 employees, 600 of whom work in Columbia. A wholly owned Rouse subsidiary, the American City Corp., has served as a planning consultant to cities like Lowell, Mass., and Akron, charging around $20,000 a month for its services. Explains Rouse Co. Vice President W. Scott Ditch III: "American City is a means of transferring the knowledge we've gained working in large cities to other cities, some of which are smaller." Over the past ten years American City has been responsible for $1.1 billion worth of development in two dozen cities.

Though he retains the title of chairman and keeps a rarely used office in its Columbia headquarters, Rouse has retired from active management of the company that bears his name. Says the firm's $427,500-a-year president, Mathias DeVito, 50, who, like Rouse, is not an architect but a lawyer by training: "Of all his creations, the finest thing Jim Rouse brought into being was the Rouse Co." Some critics are not so sure. Architect Thompson has nothing but praise for Rouse's vigor and vision, but concedes, "I now tend to speak of Rouse as a large company." Indeed, it is the Rouse Co. that most often draws fire. Critics argue that it is nowhere near as creative as it was when its founder was in full-time charge. Says one: "They lack the scope of thought Rouse has. They are far more involved in making money than anything else."

Profits, of course, are essential to the success of all Rouse enterprises: profits not only for the developer but for the city as well. "Architects," says Rouse, "are interested in using design and material to make statements. They are not always interested in people. We're interested in designing places for people." Critics of what has been called Faneuilization denigrate Harborplace on aesthetic grounds. Nory Miller, an associate editor of *Progressive Architecture*, maintains that "the buildings of Harborplace are a mash of clichés —high tech, antique store, postwar modern, 19th century band shell and pavilion-by-the-sea—not well reconciled to each other nor resolved in themselves." Miller likens Harborplace to "Atlantic City's boardwalk with a touch of Disneyland."

But this opinion is not shared by city planners and urbanologists, who see in the Rouse Co. philosophy of pleasure and profitability a talisman for urban revitalization. The most important of its current ventures:

South Street Seaport, Manhattan. A pet project of Mayor Edward Koch's since he first saw Faneuil Hall Marketplace, the $250 million venture as now envisioned will encompass eleven blocks of New York's oldest neighborhood. It will include expansion of the sprightly but small South Street Seaport Museum, renovation and expansion of the venerable Fulton Fish Market and construction of a pavilion for restaurants and shops that Ben Thompson has designed. To be completed, in its first phase, by the end of 1983, the development, which is a short walk from Wall Street, may bring a little Baltimore pizazz to a moribund area of Manhattan.

The Grand Avenue, Milwaukee. A $60 million, three-level shopping mall in the heart of downtown, the development will link two existing department stores three blocks apart. With financing from private and public sources (the Rouse Co. plans to invest about $15 million), the 245,000-sq.-ft. project is constructed around a 1915 landmark, the Plankinton Arcade, which is being brilliantly restored. Estimated completion date: spring, 1982.

St. Louis Station. The most challenging venture now on the company's boards, this will entail redevelopment of an abandoned railroad passenger terminal and 56 acres of rail yard six blocks from the fringes of downtown St. Louis; it will include a hotel and offices as well as stores and restaurants.

Yerba Buena Gardens, San Francisco. A $350 million effort, in conjunction with Toronto-based real estate giant Olympia & York, to turn a 21-acre former Skid Row into a complex of festival-marketplace facilities, cafés, an amusement park inspired by Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens, and an underground convention center, which is nearing completion.

In addition, the Rouse Co. is studying potential downtown development projects in eleven cities, among them Miami Beach and Denver. It is bidding against several other organizations for the contract to complete the Faneuil Hall complex by developing 70,000 sq. ft. between the market and the harbor. In Philadelphia, where the four-level Gallery

Jim and Patti Rouse in their house overlooking man-made Lake Wilde in Columbia, Md.

"Reports of the death of the American city were premature. The city is being reborn."

AMERICA DISCOVERS BRIDGESTONE.

From sports cars to 18-wheelers, motorcycles to earth movers, Americans count on Bridgestone Tires.

In 1931 Mr. Shojiro Ishibashi saw what he thought was a remarkable opportunity. The Japanese automobile industry was growing rapidly. If there are automobiles in large numbers, so must there be tires in large numbers. Mr. Ishibashi founded the Bridgestone Tire Company to supply those tires.

Ishibashi, literally translated, means "stone bridge." Mr. Ishibashi hit upon the transposition as a fine name for a tire company with aspirations to international trade.

As far-sighted an entrepreneur as Mr. Ishibashi was, it is doubtful that he foresaw the manufacture of tires for such diverse applications as racing Go-Karts and moving mountains.

Today the United States is one of over 150 countries in which Bridgestone is a good corporate citizen. More and more Americans are putting Bridgestone high technology steel-belted radial tires on their automobiles, light trucks, and RVs. Long-haul truckers roll the roads on Bridgestone steel radial heavy truck tires. Ponderous construction equipment rolls on massive Bridgestone tires.

Bridgestone, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, is now the fifth largest tire producer in the world. Its commitment is to quality through technology. New radial tire designs, new manufacturing techniques and new materials are being developed and tested constantly.

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BS BRIDGESTONE

Reddy Chirra improves his vision with an Apple.

Reddy is an independent optical engineer who's helped build zoom lenses for some of the biggest names in photography.

Now, a zoom lens is a complicated bit of work–and prototypes cost a fortune. So big companies have used big computers to cut development costs and improve

quality. But Reddy is on his own. He's not a big company and renting time on a big computer is expensive. So he bought himself a small computer. An Apple Personal Computer.

Can an Apple actually match the capabilities of a $1,000,000 machine? In two letters, no. But Reddy says it's powerful enough to help him choose from 250 different optical glasses and handle optical formulas with up to 80 variables.

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For the dealer nearest you, call (800) 538-9696. In California, call (800) 662-9238. Or write: Apple Computer Inc., 10260 Bandley Dr., Cupertino, CA 95014

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at the Market Street East shopping mall, linking two department stores, was an immediate success—despite doubts that it could flourish in an area that had been a shopping district for poor blacks—the company is building Gallery II, a similar arcade, and may turn an abandoned commuter train station into a shopping center. Eventually Rouse expects the development to cover some ten city blocks between the city hall and Independence Mall.

On summer weekends, Jim Rouse and his second wife, Patti, a former commissioner of housing and development in Norfolk, Va., often board their 30-ft. cabin cruiser *Adequate* and head for a small island he owns on the Miles River. But Rouse is not about to retire to his watery fastness. In April he announced a new venture, the Enterprise Development Corp., owned by a nonprofit organization, the Enterprise Foundation. The most ambitious Enterprise enterprise to date is a $13.5 million program to spruce up Norfolk's dreary waterfront. The project, about half the size of Harborplace, will employ much the same concept and include four or five restaurants, up to 20 other eating establishments and as many as 50 stores. Rouse estimates that the development will attract up to 6 million visitors in its first year. The foundation will concentrate, as a commercial company cannot, on what Rouse calls "the crucial necessity for inventing new processes, new systems for dealing with social needs." He explains: "We will be working with the very poor. We will set up a list of criteria for organizations that want to help change the lives of the poor." The foundation will also use the corporation's profits to encourage smaller developers by giving them technical and financial aid.

Rouse is as enthusiastic about his new commitments as he was about his first. Indeed, he is a man of infinite, meshing enthusiasms. One of them being food and wine, he and his wife set off on a recent Saturday evening for a Hemingway-style movable feast at Harborplace. It started with a drink and half a dozen North Carolina oysters at Shuckers Raw Bar in the Light Street Pavilion, followed by soft-shell crab *parmigiano* at the Big Cheese. Dinner was at the Taverna Athena, a Greek bistro in the Pratt Street Pavilion. Afterward came coffee and dessert at Tandoor and a nightcap at the Phillips Harborplace restaurant, where a banjo band plays until 11 p.m. "I never get tired of Harborplace," Rouse sighs. "There's always something to do and see." Gazing across the harbor at the floodlit aquarium, he adds: "Cities are where the action is. Without them we would have none of the things we associate with a modern society. No arts, no education, no culture, no commerce." And no fun. —*By Michael Demarest. Reported by Robert T. Grieves and Peter Stoler/Baltimore, with other U.S. bureaus*

Searching for a seamless suntan, underdressed German couple strides through shadows

Behavior

Barefoot—and More—in the Park

An uproar in Munich over undress in a public place

All over Europe the Germans are famous as nude sun bathers. But at home in their own cities a certain sartorial conservatism has long applied. This summer, though, in the city of Munich, a terrible uproar arose as crowds of young nudists began nonchalantly strolling alongside fully clothed pedestrians in the famous 600-acre Englische Garten. The young strippers quickly became a major tourist attraction, even threatening to rival the rosy Rubens nudes in the city's Alte Pinakothek. But the burghers of Munich were not amused.

It all began two years ago when young people started disregarding STAY OFF THE GRASS signs to picnic and sun-bathe on the park's green expanse. Next, a few students from the nearby university shed their bras. Panties followed, and some men forgot their trunks. Dips in the park's crystal-clear waters became skinny-dips. But the real ecdysiast explosion commenced this summer. By last week, as temperatures rose, at least 400 nudes sprawled provocatively alongside the park's main path. In fact, passers-by wearing street clothes were often hailed with cries of "Why don't you take your clothes off too?"

These goings-on, or takings-off, stirred the wrath of an archdiocesan layman's group. In an irate open letter to Lord Mayor Erich Kiesl that drew banner headlines in Munich, the Catholic association declared: "The many nude people in the garden disturb and offend those decent citizens who want to use it for recreational purposes." Many citizens agreed. Asked Housewife Ingrid Steinberger: "Why should I be forced to look at naked behinds?" The letter also threatened vigilante action if the police refused to take steps. Equally outraged, though not notably logical, the forces of nudity argued back. Asked pretty Student Lia Walden, 24: "Why don't those pious Catholics take offense at the naked *putti* and angels that dot our churches?" Said another: "The majority of passers-by seem delighted to see us."

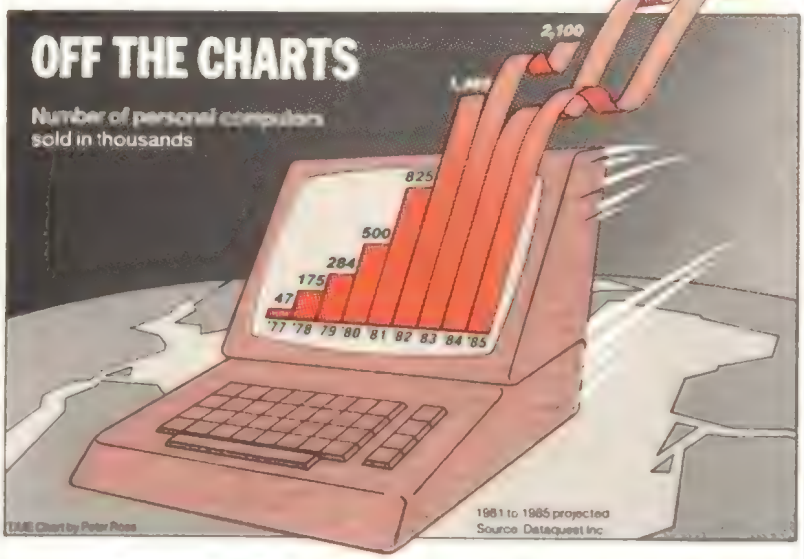
So far, the police have steered clear of the ruckus. "Surely there exists a certain polarization between the ashamed dressed and the unashamed nudes!" exclaimed Assistant Lord Mayor Winfried Zehetmeier. "But if there are no indecent actions, nothing can be legally done."

A leading Munich newspaper called a public forum in the park to discuss the issue. The main speaker, an attractive young woman, took the podium with breasts bare. Georg Schmidt, representative of the Munich police department, told a crowd of 2,000 that it would be "risky" to prosecute the nudists. "A policeman carrying off an unclad woman naturally would have to touch her naked body," Schmidt explained. "Inevitably this would expose him to the charge of indecent acts." The only solution to Munich's touchy situation seems to lie in the rains and chilling temperatures of fall. ■

IBM Is Homeward Bound

The giant of office machines gambles on a new personal computer

The $36 billion U.S. computer industry has for months been anxiously awaiting the entry of International Business Machines (1980 sales: $26 billion) into the hot new market for personal computers. Said Garland Asher, director of financial planning for Tandy Corp., one of the leading sellers of the television set-size machines: "Some people were convinced that IBM would be unveiling a new Holy Grail." Last week IBM finally showed off its product. Priced between $1,565 and $6,300, the desk-top computer can store documents that once would have required a roomful of filing cabinets; it can also produce graphs in four colors, receive information over phone lines from remote data banks or libraries and even play popular new computer games like Raster Blaster and Gorgon.



There are already more than 1 million personal computers in American businesses and homes, and experts predict that there will be perhaps 10 million of them by 1985. Sales this year are expected to be $1.5 billion. About three-quarters of the machines are used by businesses to keep track of inventories and sales and perform other office tasks. Use in the home, where computers can balance a checkbook, make out tax returns or be study aids, has been developing more slowly than in small businesses.

So far, personal-computer sales have been dominated by Apple, Tandy's Radio Shack and Commodore. Those three companies together have 75% of the market. But competition is growing. In addition to IBM, Japan's Nippon Electric, Hitachi and Fujitsu are all preparing to begin selling personal computers in the U.S.

The new IBM product marks an important development in the company's sales strategy. The firm has long marketed its machines, which can cost as much as $4 million, almost exclusively by in-office sales to businesses or governments. But IBM will be selling the new personal computers directly to consumers through a chain of its own retail outlets and in Sears, Roebuck and ComputerLand stores.

Competitors viewed IBM's new product and marketing strategy with both interest and some relief. IBM will be a tough rival, but the smaller firms should be able to keep a good part of the market. Said Ulric Weil, a computer-company watcher for Wall Street's Morgan Stanley: "I am sure Apple feared something much more formidable." Said Apple President A.C. Markkula: "We don't see anything out of the ordinary. There are no major technological breakthroughs and there isn't any obvious competitive edge."

The new machine is a computer-calculated risk for IBM President John Roberts Opel, 56, who last January became the company's chief executive officer. He hopes that the personal computer will contribute to a new period of company growth after several sluggish years.

Opel is a quintessential product of IBM. The holder of an M.B.A. from the University of Chicago, he started out as an IBM salesman in Jefferson City, Mo., and has spent his entire 32-year career at the company. A scholarly-looking man known to his colleagues as "the Brain," Opel commands the company's work force of 341,279 employees from the firm's headquarters in Armonk, N.Y. His salary: $930,000 a year.

Since Thomas J. Watson founded IBM in 1924, the firm has always had a special mystique. The company for years had an unwritten dress code that required executives to wear white shirts. Employees posted THINK signs in their offices, and even jointly sang a company song, *Hail to IBM*.*

By paying high wages, promoting mainly from within and seldom laying off workers, IBM kept unions out of the company's manufacturing plants and fostered an atmosphere of close-knit camaraderie. Though seldom a leader in technology, IBM built a superlative marketing and service organization. By the early 1970s, it commanded 60% of the world computer market. IBM was also the go-go stock of Wall Street's go-go years in the '60s, selling in 1968 for a stunning 66 times annual earnings.

More recently, though, IBM's dominance of the computer market has slipped. It was slow to develop new small business computers, allowing such competitors as Data General and Digital Equipment to grab large parts of the market. At the same time, aggressive smaller companies, like Wang Laboratories and Lanier Business Products, took the lead in developing word-processing machines, which combine the functions of a typewriter and a computer. IBM has only about 25% of that $12 billion business.

The company also made some costly mistakes. In 1979, when it introduced the new 4300 series of intermediate-sized computers, it set prices so low that the new products practically destroyed the market for IBM's older models. The company was not adequately prepared for the 4300's success, and so deliveries were sometimes delayed for three or four years, angering customers.

Moreover, the firm that once proudly

*Sample lyric:
With hearts and hands to you devoted
And inspiration ever new
We will toast a name that lives forever
Hail to the IBM

manufactured nearly everything it sold has been forced to go to outside suppliers. In 1979 IBM began buying microchips from Japan to supplement its own chip production. Last February the company signed an agreement with Japan's Minolta to market one of that company's small copiers under the IBM label. The Minolta model sells for less than $3,500, while IBM's smallest copier costs at least $25,000.

Still another company problem has been battling a seemingly endless antitrust case. On its last working day in office in January 1969, the Johnson Administration filed a suit that accused IBM of monopolizing the U.S. computer industry. Three Administrations have since argued that IBM's market dominance should be diminished. The transcript of the court proceedings in the case now runs to 200,000 pages. Reagan antitrust officials, though, may favor an out-of-court settlement rather than continued litigation and appeals.

IBM's performance during the past few years has been dramatically reflected in the price of its stock, which is now selling for only nine times annual earnings. After stock splits are included, the value of a share of IBM has not actually increased since 1968.

The new personal computer is only part of Opel's program for getting IBM back on the track. The company this year will spend $1.5 billion, more than the annual sales of a firm the size of Polaroid, on research and development. For example, it has been trying to adapt for commercial use the experimental Josephson junction. Named after a British scientist, the technique increases the speed of electronic switching on a microchip to just trillionths of a second, or nearly the speed of light.

IBM is also entering into new ventures with other companies. Along with Comsat General and the Aetna Casualty and Surety Co., it has formed Satellite Business Systems, which has already launched two fixed-orbit communications satellites. These will soon be used by 23 companies to relay high-speed data, electronic mail and even regular phone calls. In addition, it has joined with MCA Inc. to manufacture a video-disc player. IBM will use the 54,000 individual images on the video disc as a way of storing information.

IBM will probably never be able to regain its position as the undisputed colossus of the computer industry. But Opel believes that the strong public demand for computer equipment can return the company to the 20% annual growth it enjoyed in the '60s. Says he: "The exciting thing about our industry is that we are dealing with a product with which people do not seem to become satiated. A computer's ability to compare and display information often creates demand for more." Opel hopes that a lot of that information will be coming through IBM's new personal computers. *—By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York*

Canada's Barrel of Troubles

Inflation leaps, the dollar sags and U.S. oilmen scream

It was billed at the time as a bold stroke to free Canada's $40 billion oil and gas industry from foreign domination. In fact, seldom has a single governmental action more thoroughly disrupted a country's economy than has the National Energy Program put forth last October by the government of Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

Though the program's various tax and subsidy provisions were intended to encourage giant foreign multinationals like Shell, Exxon and Mobil to sell at least some of their Canadian operations to local companies, the effect has been to aggravate a host of economic difficulties. Inflation has surged to an annual rate of 13%, the Canadian dollar has slumped to 80¢ in American currency, its lowest point in 50 years, and investment capital has been fleeing Canada.

In the past nine months alone, Canada's battered economy has sustained capital outflows of more than $10 billion, compared with an average outflow of about $2 billion annually during the 1970s. Much of the money is leaving not just because of current economic upset but because of a perceived sense of increasing intervention in the Canadian private sector by the Ottawa government.

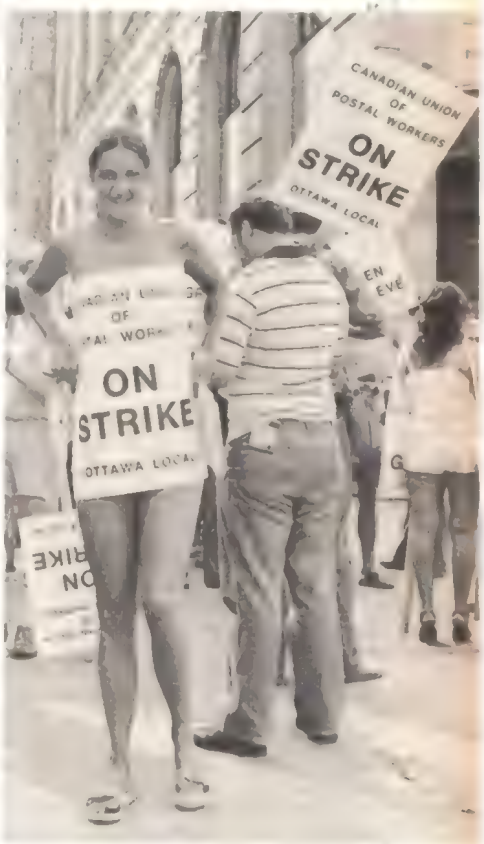
The cheap Canadian dollar has proved a bonanza for U.S. tourists heading north for summer vacations. But for Canadians, the drop means further deterioration in their economy. Canada and the U.S. trade more with each other than with any other country, and the sagging currency threatens new rises in the cost of Canadian imports of clothes, food, electronic equipment and other goods from the U.S.

Renewed inflation is certain to bring escalating demands for wage increases by Canadian workers and more labor unrest. Just last week the nation's postal system resumed operations after a six-week strike by 23,000 postal clerks. Mail delivery was brought to a halt, and the economy suffered an estimated $350 million in business-related losses. A key issue in the strike: a union demand for 17 weeks of maternity leave at 93% of full pay.

In an effort to keep the Canadian dollar from slumping further, the Bank of Canada two weeks ago boosted its official bank lending rate to 21.24%, the highest such interest rate of any central bank in a major industrial country. Last week Finance Minister Allan MacEachen disclosed that the government is considering a new package of foreign borrowings beyond the $5.5 billion in standby credits now available. The funds would be used to help bolster the Canadian dollar on international markets.

Canada's multiplying miseries are as much political as economic. Power sharing between the ten provinces and the central government in Ottawa has often been difficult, and separatist pressures in French-speaking Quebec have been especially troublesome. The most recent difficulty involves the burgeoning oil wealth of Alberta and other energy-rich western provinces, which have been waging a tug-of-war with Ottawa over energy pricing, taxes and revenues.

Trudeau had hoped that his National Energy Program would tip the economic balance away from the provinces by sharply raising federal taxes on existing oil and gas production. Some of the resulting revenues would then be used by the federal government to help finance generous tax breaks for Canadian-controlled energy companies so that they could explore for oil on federally owned frontier lands such as the Northwest Territories and the Yukon. The plan would put foreign companies operating in those regions at a severe disadvantage, but it would help shore up a sense of Canadian national identity throughout the country.



Picketing postal workers march in Ottawa
Trudeau faces multiplying miseries.

The real victims of the program, of course, are the U.S.-owned oil and gas companies that have invested approxi-

mately $10 billion in Canadian petroleum, gas and other energy enterprises. Complains Charles J. Waidelich, president of the Tulsa-based Cities Service Company: "I think that it is natural that Canadians want to control their own resources. But the way that the Trudeau government is going about this is totally wrong and does not promote good neighbor relations."

American oilmen argue that the Trudeau policy has depressed the stock prices of U.S.-owned Canadian companies, including Gulf Canada Ltd. and Texaco Canada Ltd., forcing down their values by an average of 15% during the first month alone after the program was announced. Moreover, Canadian companies, in cooperation with Canadian banks, have hit upon a technique for forcing the U.S. companies to sell out at the depressed market prices. Flush with seemingly inexhaustible credit from the banks, the Canadian companies have been buying up big blocks of stock in American firms, then offering them back to the U.S. companies in return for their Canadian oil and gas holdings.

That tactic was used two months ago by Canada's Dome Petroleum to acquire a 52.9% interest in Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas, a Canadian firm controlled by Conoco. Stripped of its Canadian holdings, Conoco became a takeover target and wound up being acquired by Du Pont.

Canada's investments in U.S. energy companies have been a major cause of weakness in the Canadian dollar because Canadian investors buying American stocks must first sell their own currency for American money. Finance Minister MacEachen last week again asked Canadian banks to stop shoveling out the financing loans so freely, but stronger action than that may eventually be needed to slow the takeover drive.

The problem now facing the Reagan Administration is how to keep demands for U.S. countermeasures from boiling over in Congress, where Canada's attitude toward cross-border investment is much resented. A Congressional move to impose a moratorium on large-scale Canadian stock investments in the U.S. was sidetracked prior to the summer recess earlier this month. But a bill that would subject foreign corporate borrowers to the same requirements that apply to U.S. firms is expected to pass easily when the House and Senate reconvene in September.

Such tit-for-tat behavior benefits neither country. Says a top Reagan Administration official soberly: "We'd like to see this thing fall of its own weight. What Canada is doing is very expensive to itself. If left alone, the Canadians may be smart enough to stop it by themselves." The alternative is worsening relations with Washington and still more Canadian economic troubles. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Peter Ward/Ottawa*

Office Tragedy

The death of a chairman

Continental Airlines Chairman Alvin Lindbergh Feldman, 53, worked for several hours with an aide Sunday, Aug. 9, in his office at the Los Angeles International Airport. The two men were preparing a press release to be published the next day announcing that nine banks had pulled out of a plan aimed at stopping a Texas International Airlines takeover of the company. The banks had changed their minds about making a $185 million loan to a group of about 11,000 employees who wanted to buy controlling interest in their ailing company. Without the loans, the takeover seemed inevitable. After finishing work, Feldman sat alone and wrote four letters: two to his attorneys, one to his three grown children, in which he mentioned the death of their mother last year, and one to his secretary telling her what to do with the other three letters. Then Alvin Feldman shot himself.

GOSSETT—THE NEW YORK TIMES

Alvin Lindbergh Feldman

The Continental chairman had built up a reputation as one of the top executives in the airline industry. Only two months ago, Pan American Chairman William Seawell offered Feldman the Pan Am presidency, but Feldman declined. During nine years as chairman of Denver-based Frontier Airlines in the 1970s, Feldman transformed that carrier from a major loser to a consistent moneymaker by paring unprofitable routes, streamlining management and restructuring its flight operations.

When Feldman took over Continental in early 1980, it was a troubled airline. Although it had a good network of domestic and international flights, Continental had never fully recovered from a long strike in 1976. The company lost $13 million in 1979, more than $20 million in 1980 and $34.7 million for the first half of this year. Like many other carriers, Continental was also suffering from the tough competition set off by the deregulation of the airline industry and the high cost of jet fuel.

A merger looked like a good move, and Feldman started talking to Western Airlines, a regional carrier that flies in 15 states west of the Mississippi, Canada and Mexico. The two companies tried to merge in 1979, but the Civil Aeronautics Board at the time stopped them, arguing that such a deal would reduce air competition on the West Coast. But in March the CAB changed its decision and gave Continental and Western the go-ahead. Then, just as the merger was about to take place, Texas International, led by its aggressive chairman Francisco Lorenzo, moved against Continental. Texas International had previously made unfriendly takeover bids on National Airlines and TWA.

Lorenzo quickly acquired 48.5% of Continental's stock. In one hectic day of trading, he bought 830,000 shares of Continental just 30 min. before the market closed. The Continental-Western merger was dead, and a bitter takeover battle between Continental and Texas International was under way. In April two veteran Continental pilots proposed that company workers buy a majority of the firm's stock through an employee stock-ownership plan. Though skeptical of the plan at first, Feldman soon threw his support behind it in a last-ditch effort to stop Texas International. Lorenzo immediately challenged the legality of the plan. But the courts rejected his case. Continental employees still had hopes for the plan they called "the answer to a prayer."

But all that was changed when the banks, led by the Security Pacific National Bank in California and the First National Bank of Chicago, backed out of their agreement to provide the money. The $185 million loan now looked too risky because of Continental's weak performance in the first half of the year, the poor health of the airline industry in general and the air-traffic controllers' strike.

A somber Continental board of directors last week named George A. Warde, 59, the former president, to succeed Feldman as chief executive officer. Meanwhile, Texas International is awaiting final White House approval of its takeover bid, which appears likely. Lorenzo intends to keep Continental a separate airline and a subsidiary of the parent organization, Texas Air Corporation. Continental employees last week were still trying to search for ways to block Texas International, but their chances looked very slim. ■

Hydroelectricity in Lawrence, Mass.: "Like an oil well with unlimited resources"

Water Power

New energy at an old dam

Since one nuclear power plant can take a decade and more than $3 billion to build, and scares nearly everyone living within 50 miles, it may be better to build dozens of quietly humming, nonpolluting small dams to generate electricity. They could nestle right into some long-abandoned textile- or lumber-mill dam, and draw their power from the flowing river water. That is a proposal now being tested in several New England states.

Like the wood stove and the windmill, hydroelectric power is making a comeback. This week the largest such plant to open in New England in more than half a century will be dedicated in Lawrence, Mass. Project promoters proudly wear bright red buttons that read ONE DAM SITE BETTER.

The structure sits unobtrusively at one end of the Great Stone Dam, a 900-ft.-long, 40-ft.-high granite block structure that spans the broad Merrimack River. When that old dam was built in 1848, it was the engineering marvel of its time and provided mechanical power for the surrounding textile mills of Lawrence. But the dam fell into relative disuse in the 1950s, when the city's thriving textile industry withered as factories moved south.

In 1976 a group of six Massachusetts investors approached the Essex Co., an old-line New England firm that had initially built and continued to own the dam, with a proposal to build a hydroelectric plant there. Company stockholders were receptive because the dam faced financial troubles. The Department of the Interior had ordered the company to construct a $1.5 million fish ladder to help the Merrimack River's growing schools of Atlantic salmon move upstream to spawn. The company stockholders agreed to sell out to the investment group, which later formed a partnership with E G & G, a Wellesley, Mass., energy-equipment company (1980 sales: $613 million). Financing for the $28 million project came from Chase Manhattan Bank, Mutual of New York insurance company and two smaller New England banks.

When fully operational, the plant is expected to generate enough electrical power to meet the needs of 17,000 homes, giving the investors a return of 15% on their money, a profit that few utilities can match. Says Essex Chairman Jacek Makowski: "A hydro project can be viewed as an oil well with unlimited resources. Once you have the capital investment finished, you are good for 50 years, maybe longer."

The ambitious Lawrence dam partners now have several more hydro-power sites in New England under development. They are building a $6.3 million project on the Contoocook River near Concord, N.H., and a $2 million one on the Wells River in Vermont. The two dams will serve a total of about 5,000 customers.

The new hydroelectric-power generation in New England is due in part to advances in turbine technology for "low head" dams. The new turbines produce electricity by having water flow horizontally, under modest pressure, against the blades of the turbine. The machines look something like submarines sitting on the bed of the river. Traditional hydroelectric dams like the Hoover Dam on the Arizona-Nevada border must be hundreds of feet tall so that the water can fall from great height and with huge force and speed against the turbines. Although low-head dams are widely used in Europe, relatively few of those in the U.S. generate electricity.

Hydro power is not about to free the U.S., or even New England, from its dependence on either nuclear power or imported oil. Less than 5% of the region's electrical power now comes from hydroelectric sites. The New England River Basins Commission has made an inventory of the 10,000 dam sites in the region's six states and concluded that only 320 of the dams are now economically feasible. If those were developed, water-energy production would rise to only about 7% of daily usage. But even that amount would mean that the U.S. could import 3.5 million fewer barrels of OPEC oil annually. ■

Friends in Need

A case of crony capitalism

President Ferdinand E. Marcos has ruled the Philippines since 1965, including eight years of martial law that ended only in January. Standing essentially unopposed for re-election in June, he won handily with 88% of the vote. But Marcos may face his greatest threat because of Dewey Dee, a textile magnate who fled the country eight months ago and left behind more than $80 million in debts. The incident threw Philippine financial institutions into turmoil and exposed as seldom before the cronyism and corruption that has characterized the Marcos government's relationship with business.

As the government's small but honest and able corps of economic technocrats went over the books in the wake of Dee's flight, they uncovered one financial horror story after another. The Construction and Development Corp. of the Philippines, which is run by longtime Marcos Pal Rodolfo Cuenca, has borrowed or obtained government loans and guarantees of about $1 billion, a Chrysler-size package put through without any debate or publicity. Cuenca was just a small businessman before Marcos came to power. Several other companies are also in hock to the government for an additional $1.75 billion.

When investigators discovered that the troubled companies could not afford to pay back the borrowed money, the Philippine business community grew increasingly nervous. Finally, Marcos was forced to promote Finance Minister César Virata to the job of Prime Minister and to give him the task of cleaning up the complex financial mess and restoring economic stability.

The Philippines is still reeling from the dual blows of sharply rising oil prices in 1979-80 and plunging prices for its major exports of coconut oil, copper concen-

President Marcos with Prime Minister Virata

An untouchable to clean up the mess.

trate, sugar and lumber. Growth has been declining. It was 4.7% last year, and it will trail off to 4% this year. Meanwhile, the country's external debt has reached $14 billion and has recently been increasing by $300 million a month.

The quiet and unassuming Virata does not look like an economic miracle man, nor does he fit into the Philippines' macho culture. He has collected many enemies among the political and business circles surrounding Marcos for his past tough economic policies. But Virata had the untouchable, clean image that the President needed.

Virata's actions, however, are causing consternation among private sector bankers and businessmen. He has poured out additional millions in government money to keep the endangered banks, financial houses and corporations afloat. Virata has also set up debt restructuring plans and, in some cases, conversion schemes that have given the government ownership of firms. Critics charge that this is leading the Philippine economy into a type of state capitalism. But Gerardo Sicat, the former Economic Planning Minister, insists that the money is being doled out to corporations only after they have met stringent conditions, such as getting rid of unprofitable ventures.

The Manila government admits to putting a total of $625 million into the corporate bailout operation, but most analysts believe that it will ultimately require far more. Said Jaime Ongpin, president of the country's oldest mining company, the Benguet Corp., and a leading Marcos critic: "The rescue program has really gotten out of hand." Said another businessman: "They are just postponing the day of reckoning."

Government officials defend the action by saying that massive bankruptcies would have a domino effect on the entire financial system. On television last week, during his scheduled *Ask the President* program, Marcos attacked Ongpin personally, denying his allegations and coolly noting that Benguet itself received aid from the government in the 1960s, when the company was paid more than the official $35-per-oz. price for gold that it mined. Sniffed Marcos: "I don't know what is eating him. He certainly is acting strangely."

There is no denying, though, that the government's ownership of private industry is growing. It now has 58% of the huge Marinduque Mining and Industrial Corp., as well as large slices of shipping, textiles and construction. The government will soon have majority control of one of the three largest private banks in the Philippines.

Officials claim that the state will sell its interests when stability returns, but critics say that this is nothing less than *de facto* nationalization. One thing has not changed in Philippine business: Marcos' pals are still running the companies. Crony capitalism is thus turning into crony socialism. ■

Selling Make-Believe Makeup

Companies rush to market kiddie cosmetics for pretty babies

Archie Bunker's niece will soon have a new television role. Danielle Brisebois, 12, who plays the pixieish Stephanie on the CBS show *Archie Bunker's Place*, will star in commercials touting the Tinkerbell line of powders, perfumes, lip gloss, nail polish and other beauty aids for girls ages three to 14. This is the latest marketing ploy in the $100 million-a-year world of kiddie cosmetics.

Is Danielle intended to be the Brooke Shields of the preteen crowd? Absolutely not, protests Martin K. Greenfield, president of New Jersey–based Tom Fields, Ltd., which makes Tinkerbell products. Danielle, he contends, is more wholesome than sexy. Says Danielle: "Brooke's style sells, but I'm not like her." Tinkerbell launched the children's beauty-aid business nearly 30 years ago, but it has always refused to sell eye shadow and rouge, which it considers improper for young girls.

Tinkerbell Model Danielle Brisebois

"Brooke's style sells, but I'm not like her."

Tinkerbell's conservative sales approach, though, is now under increasing pressure from tough new competitors. Major toy manufacturers, including Mattel, Remco, Ideal, Hasbro and Mego, have introduced broad lines of make-believe makeup. *Toy and Hobby World* magazine lists Remco's Crayon Children's Play Cosmetics as currently the top-selling brand. Remco also tempts the tots with Blue Ice Eye Shadow and Sweetheart Pink Lipstick. Hasbro offers a Fresh 'n Fancy kit that allows the girls to mix their own makeup colors. The prices of these play cosmetics range from $1 for a small locket containing lip gloss to about $18 for an elaborate makeup set from Ideal called the Gettin' Pretty Beauty Boutique.

Many toy companies say that they had good reason to jump into the cosmetics business. "We've been losing girls for years," explains Hasbro Vice President Stephen Schwartz. "They're buying records and jeans; they're much more sophisticated than they used to be."

The toymakers advertise their play cosmetics aggressively during kiddie television prime time on Saturday mornings. But they contend that the ads, which avoid showing boys and girls together, are not sexually suggestive. Says Jack Forcelledo, Remco's executive vice president: "We just show little girls playing with the product in the home. Our message is that you put it on and wash it off." All the same, the commercials rankle many consumer activists. Says Peggy Charren, president of Action for Children's Television: "The four-year-olds are going to be taught that it's appropriate for them to wear makeup. It's another way to get children to spend money on something useless and unnecessary."

Unlike the toy companies, Tinkerbell, which sells only cosmetics, toiletries and other grooming aids, considers it inappropriate to promote their wares directly to children. "We would prefer that the parents make the decisions on what to buy," says Greenfield. The commercials featuring Danielle will appear only on adult soap operas and game shows and not on cartoon programs.

Some pediatricians have questioned the safety of kiddie cosmetics, which are loaded with such ominous-sounding chemicals as polysorbate 80, dimethicone and D & C Red No. 27. But the companies dismiss those fears. Says Allan Chernoff, senior vice president of Mego: "We have reams of toxicity studies to show that our cosmetics are safe. We wanted to relieve any parental anxiety on that score."

What most bothers the critics of the kiddie cosmetics, though, is that they prod children to mature much too fast. Says Dr. Francis Palumbo, chairman of the Committee on Children in Television of the Ambulatory Pediatric Association: "It's becoming awfully hard to be a kid any more. I hope that parents have enough sense not to buy these cosmetics for a young child." In response, the toymakers point out that girls have always surreptitiously tried out their mothers' high heels and stockings and dipped into their makeup. Play cosmetics, the companies argue, are safer and easier to remove than the real thing. Says Mego's Chernoff: "We're giving little girls a harmless way to fantasize." ■

People

At their sandlot summit, Carter gives Sadat a laurel-wreath sculpture to the delight of Rosalynn and Jehan

The setting was less formal than at most of their previous meetings, but it still must have seemed like old times for **Jimmy Carter,** 56, and **Anwar Sadat,** 62. Winding up a six-day U.S. visit, the Egyptian leader detoured to Plains, Ga., to see his "deep friend." The reunion was all harmony and grits. Out on the old softball field, with **Rosalynn** and **Jehan** looking on, Jimmy presented Sadat with a glass sculpture of a laurel wreath. Sadat was at his gracious best, although Carter's detractors will doubtless delight in misconstruing his words. Said he: "Jimmy Carter has left his fingerprints on the history of our age."

■

Don't cancel those flight reservations—**Chevy Chase,** 37, has not signed on as a substitute air-traffic controller. But in the film *Modern Problems*, he plays a harried controller who loses his girlfriend (**Patti D'Arbanville**). When a nuclear accident leaves him with telekinetic powers, Chevy takes his revenge by turning Patti into a UFSO—Unidentified Flying Sex Object.

■

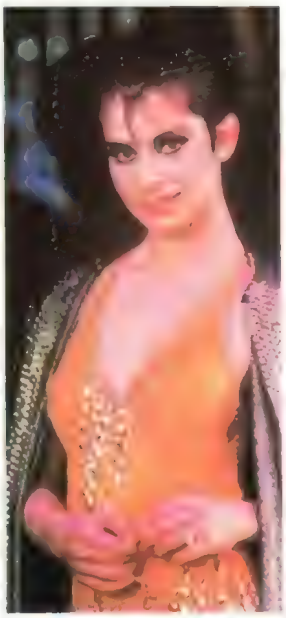
It hardly mattered that the Phillies lost to St. Louis, 7-3, on the first day of the second installment of the 1981 baseball season. **Pete Rose's** eighth-inning single off Cardinal Pitcher **Mark Littell** was what the 60,561 spectators at Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium had come to see. It was Rose's 3,631st career hit, and it broke **Stan Musial's** 18-year-old National League record. Seconds after Rose, 40, landed on first, fireworks went off, 3,631 balloons were released and Stan the Man himself was making his way across the infield to offer his congratulations. In the locker room afterward, Pete was handed the telephone. "This is Ronald Reagan," said the voice at the other end. "How ya doin'?" grinned Rose. Said the President: "I've had so much trouble getting this line. I think I had to wait longer than you did to break the record." Replied Pete: "We were going to give you five more minutes and then that was it."

Rose batting 1.000 with Reagan

■

In a peasant dress, with locks tumbling down her back, she was the essence of pouty innocence in **Roman Polanski's** *Tess*. Well, take another look, because in **Francis Coppola's** upcoming musical *One from the Heart*, set in the Las Vegas world of neon nights, Actress **Nastassia Kinski,** 20, plays a circus performer with the wily ways of a seductress twice her age. *Heart* is being billed as "a fantasy about love, jealousy and sex." From the look of things, Nastassia fills the bill.

Air Controller Chase striking back at D'Arbanville in *Modern Problems*



Kinski in *One from the Heart*

■

More bad news for **Michelle Triola Marvin,** 46. In July, the former live-in mate of Actor **Lee Marvin,** 57, was fined and placed on probation for shoplifting some bras and a sweater from a Beverly Hills store. Then last week the California Court of Appeal reversed the landmark 1979 Los Angeles Superior Court decision that ordered Marvin to ante up $104,000 in palimony—equivalent to $1,000 a week for two years, the most that Triola, who now describes herself as a public relations agent, had made in her career as a lounge singer. The appeals court upheld the concept of palimony but nixed the settlement, ruling that "Triola sustained no damages by virtue of her living with Marvin." You guessed it: Michelle's attorney, **Marvin Mitchelson,** plans an appeal.

—By E. Graydon Carter

Making a Second Pass at Saturn

Another Voyager approaches the mysterious belted planet

There is not perhaps another object in the heavens that presents us with such a variety of extraordinary phenomena as the planet Saturn

—Sir William Herschel, 1805

In an era when astronomers talk about objects as strange and remote as quasars, about cosmic enigmas like black holes and the faint radio noises that may be an echo of the creation, an ordinary planet, even the second largest in the sun's family, hardly seems likely to awe or surprise. Yet, remarkably, Saturn still has that power, as the Voyager 1 spacecraft so dramatically showed last November. Swooping within 78,000 miles of the luminous ringed sphere, the little robot sent back a collection of full-color images as dazzling as any ever received from deep space.

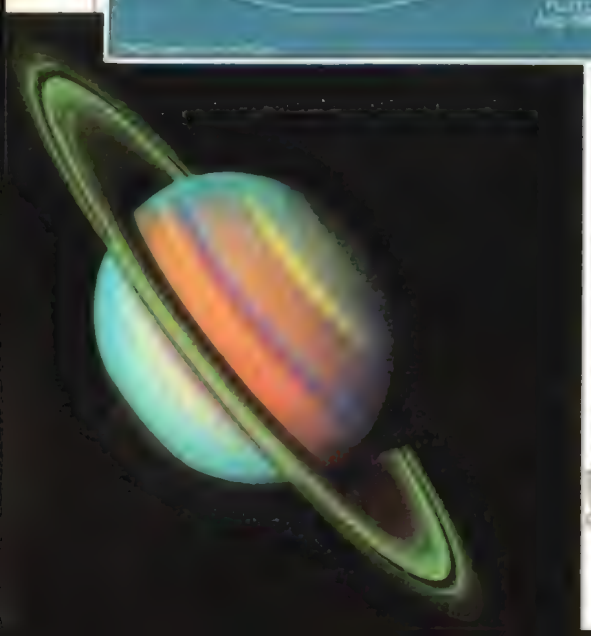
That portfolio included close-up views of the gaseous planet's stormy clouds, where equatorial winds rage at 1,100 m.p.h. It provided the first real look at the myriad small, icy worlds that are the planet's moons. But its most remarkable pictures were those of Saturn's rings. Formed out of rocky, icy fragments ranging in size from dust particles to boulders as big as apartment buildings, they totaled more than 1,000 in all. Astonishingly, some rings were twisted into what looked like braids of hair. Others contained patterns that resembled spokes of a wheel. Some even whirled around Saturn in eccentric paths like grooves of a record that had slipped its spindle.

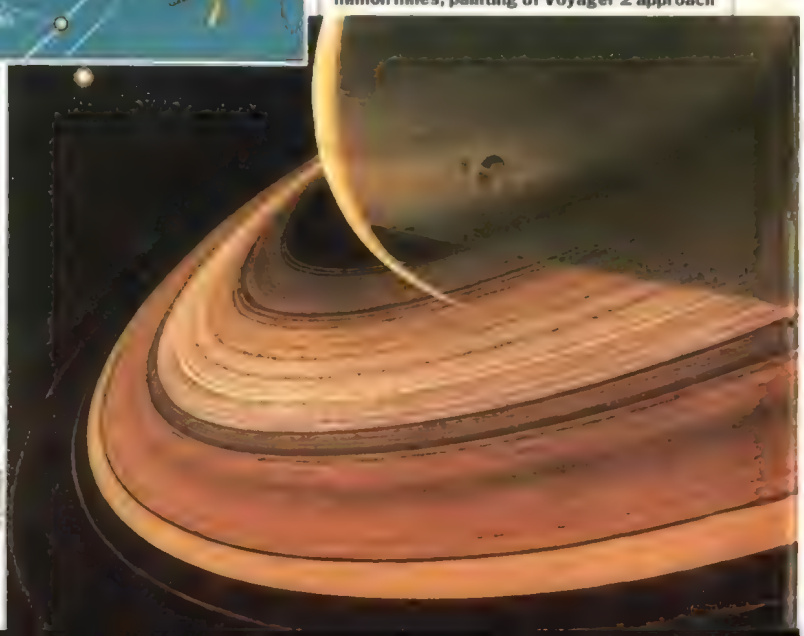
Such phenomena seemed to defy the revered laws of classical physics. But scientists are about to get a chance to unravel these mysteries—and perhaps more. At precisely 11:25 p.m. E.D.T. next Tuesday, Aug. 25, a second spacecraft, Voyager 2, will finally reach Saturn after a four-year, 1.4 billion-mile flight. Ducking behind the planet (as seen from earth), it will skim to within 63,000 miles of the planet's cloud tops. Then Voyager 2 will plunge through the plane of Saturn's rings, brushing precariously close to that rocky debris. All the while, its cameras and instruments will be working furiously to take advantage of every precious second of the encounter.

Most of the observations will be aimed at answering questions raised by the earlier flight, with special emphasis on the rings. During one 13½-hr. period, for instance, Voyager 2's cameras will be taking pictures every 3.2 min. The movie-like sequence should not only show the formation and disintegration of the spokes during each rotation but also help explain what forces are acting on them. One theory: the spokes are in fact composed of dustlike particles lifted out of the thin ring plane by electrostatic forces perhaps created by the faint light of the distant sun.

Still another experiment involves Voyager 2's photopolarimeter, a light-measuring device that failed on the first flight. As the spacecraft approaches the planet, the instrument will be aimed through the rings at Delta Scorpii, a far-off star. By measuring disruptions (or blinking) of the starlight caused by the intervening ring material, the scientists should get the most precise data yet on the number of rings, their density and width and the size of the stuff they are made of.

Voyager 2 will also turn its eyes on Saturn's moons, now known to number





Voyager paths; Saturn photographed from 27 million miles; painting of Voyager 2 approach

at least 17. It will focus especially on the larger ones, bearing mythological names, which were missed or only glimpsed from afar last time. One of special interest is Enceladus, which somehow no longer shows any scars from the primordial bombardment that all of Saturn's major moons must have undergone early in the solar system's history. Voyager will also look at Iapetus, which is curiously darker on one side than the other, and outermost Phoebe, a fickle satellite that rotates counter to all the other moons, will also be photographed.

Voyager 2's primary radio receiver broke down early in the four-year flight, but the inevitable NASA back-up has been working flawlessly ever since. Yet even if that system should fail, the space-traveling robot's memory carries enough instructions from controllers at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Lab for another four years of automatic operations. It will surely need that electronic brainpower. Unlike Voyager 1, now headed directly out of the solar system, Voyager 2 will get a slingshot-like gravitational assist from Saturn that will send it hurtling past Uranus, the seventh planet from the sun, by Jan. 24, 1986. There Voyager 2 will get another boost directing it toward a rendezvous with Neptune, the eighth from the sun, on Aug. 24, 1989. If its nuclear-powered instruments are still working, earthlings will get their first close views of these distant planets.

■ ■ ■

When Voyager 2 passes Uranus, what will it find? Speculations by a scientist at the University of California's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory raise an intriguing possibility.

Theoretical Physicist Marvin Ross notes that both Uranus and Neptune are large, layered spheres with atmospheres of hydrogen and helium, and presumably a hard, rocky inner core. But between the gases and the core is an ocean, incongruously known as an "ice layer," made of water, ammonia and methane. At a depth of nearly 6,000 miles, this sea of liquid is subject to enormous pressures, at least 200,000 times that of the earth's atmosphere at sea level; and its temperatures probably start at 2,500° F.

To find out what happens to materials under such extreme conditions, Lawrence Livermore researchers have been firing high-velocity projectiles into small samples of water, ammonia and methane, creating shock waves. The water and ammonia compressed, as expected. But the methane broke apart into its components, hydrogen and carbon. The question is: What form would the carbon take within the actual planet? One possibility: diamonds; so many, in fact, says Ross, that they might equal 15% of the total mass of the planet, enough sparklers to carpet the earth. Ross is quick to add, though, that since the gems are so deeply buried, the South Africans have nothing to fear . . . yet. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by James Schefter/Pasadena*

Manhar, the newborn gaur calf, with his surrogate mother Flossie

Blessed Event in The Bronx

After an implant, a rare Indian ox is born to a Holstein

It looked a typical barnyard scene, when a Holstein dairy cow named Flossie gave birth at New York City's Bronx Zoo last week. Flossie, as would any good bovine mother, promptly began licking the calf, hovered protectively over it, and within an hour started to nurse it. But for zoo officials—indeed, for all animal lovers concerned with preserving endangered species—this blessed event was something very special. Flossie's offspring was not an ordinary black-and-white Holstein calf but a baby gaur (rhymes with flower), a rare type of wild ox that lives in the remote forests of South Asia from India and Nepal to the Malay Peninsula.

Hunted for their meat in some countries and crowded out of favorite hideaways by an expanding human population, no more than about 2,000 of the animals still roam freely in the wild. The dark, white-stockinged creatures are the world's largest wild cattle. Fully grown, a male gaur may measure 6 ft. from hoof to shoulder and weigh nearly 2,000 lbs. Perhaps wisely, no one has really ever bothered to domesticate the beasts.

The cross-species delivery in The Bronx is only the second on record involving a wild and a domestic animal. The first took place in 1977, when two wild Sardinian sheep were born to a domestic sheep at Utah State University. But other attempts involving such kindred creatures as lions and tigers have inexplicably failed. In any case, last week's success raises hopes that similar transfer techniques can be used to ensure the survival of other endangered species as well. The Bronx Zoo hopes to perform the same feat with a rare Arabian oryx.

The cow-ox birth is the result of some extraordinary modern midwifery by Veterinarian Janet Stover, 29, and her colleagues. To increase the gaur's chances of survival, they picked a likely mother from the zoo's own small gaur herd—its 17 members, including the latest addition, account for about 10% of all the gaurs in captivity. The chosen female was then treated with hormones that stimulated what fertility researchers call superovulation—the release of more than one egg at a time. Finally, last fall they let the animal breed normally with a gaur bull.

Eight days later, University of Pennsylvania Veterinarian James Evans, who earlier this year had supervised another miracle of animal husbandry—the birth of the first "test-tube" domestic cow—flushed five embryos from the gaur's womb. Four of these were transferred into four Holstein cows, selected in part because their calves are larger than gaur calves. Though the reproductive cycles of all five animals had been synchronized with drugs, one cow did not accept the embryo. Another aborted after five months. The third delivered a dead fetus at 9½ months. But two weeks later, Flossie produced a normal gaur calf of about 70 lbs. (A normal Holstein calf would weigh up to 90 lbs.) Zoo officials, who hope that it will be only the first of a number of gaurs that Flossie may bear, promptly named the shaggy brown calf Manhar, a Hindi word translated roughly as one who wins the world's heart.

Manhar will remain with his surrogate mother until next spring, when he will be weaned and introduced to the rest of the zoo's gaur herd. Jokes Stover: "After all, we don't want him to grow up thinking he is a Holstein." ■

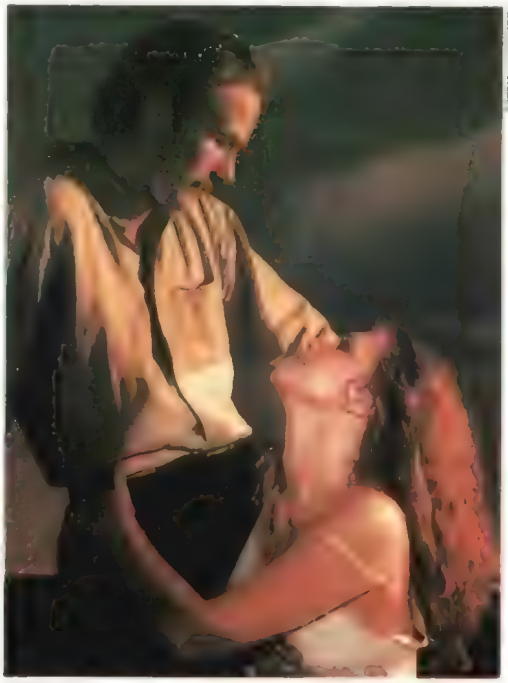
Torrid Movie, Hot New Star

BODY HEAT *Directed and Written by Lawrence Kasdan*

It is 1946; it is 1981. Overhead fans languidly attempt to rearrange the air. Late afternoon heat seeps through the Venetian blinds. A tenor sax investigates the upper registers of despair. Ned Racine (William Hurt) drags voraciously on a nonstop series of cigarettes. He wears a Clark Gable mustache and a Zachary Scott hat. And one night, as a Dorsey-style orchestra plays *That Old Feeling*, a sleek, tanned woman in white emerges from the darkness of the band shell and into the rest of Ned's life.

Body Heat—wonderful title—bears a family resemblance in plot and tone to James M. Cain's *Double Indemnity:* a man more ordinary than he thinks he is meets a newly rich *femme fatale;* sparks fly, plots hatch, a husband dies, insurance claims are debated, friendships fray, the lovers quarrel and part explosively. And though Lawrence Kasdan's film is set in today's South Florida, its characters move through an atmosphere that suggests the confluences of décor and demeanor in a 1940s *film noir*.

Ned, the not-quite-bright-enough lawyer



William Hurt and Kathleen Turner as lovers in *Body Heat*

Sparks fly, plots are hatched, a husband dies

"You're not too smart," Matty Walker (Kathleen Turner) tells Ned at their first meeting. "I like that in a man." She does indeed: Matty is too smart for both of them. A detective friend of Ned's describes her as "one quick, smart broad" whose special gift is relentlessness. At the outset, Matty is trapped in comfortable domesticity, married to a wealthy land speculator (Richard Crenna) 20 years older than she. But her ambition is "to be rich and live in an exotic land." The insurance money that would be hers with her husband's death represents air fare to that dream world. And Ned—lousy lawyer, good pal, nice-guy stud—may prove to be her passport.

As the only female principal in a cast of shysters, cops and crooks—and as the agent of their anxiety—Matty might seem one more example of moviemaker misogyny hiding behind the imperatives of the thriller genre. She surely is a metaphor for the seductive, destructive power of ambition. But she is also the one figure of reckless imagination. Smoothly and confidently, she guides the taut mechanism of the movie's plot. She creates between herself and Ned a sexual attraction that erases the past and suggests terrible new options. And she knows, as a young woman whose Midwestern memories are as sordid as her Palm Beach present is posh, that she must sweat for what she wants. The film and the other characters sweat with her. Perspiration stains the satin sheets as Ned and Matty make love; and after, there is dew on the down of her back as she caresses and coaxes him. She is the mistress of these ceremonies, leading Ned on by his lust toward acts of love and murder.

The sex scenes in *Body Heat* are humid and tumid enough, but they are there to serve the symmetry of Kasdan's visual and narrative design. "Ned is caught in limbo, in a dream," Kasdan, 32, told TIME. "I wanted this film to have the intricate structure of a dream, the density of a good novel, and the texture of recognizable people in extraordinary circumstances." In his first film as writer-director (he was the co-author of *The Empire Strikes Back* and wrote the screenplay for *Raiders of the Lost Ark*), Kasdan has succeeded handsomely. There is intricacy in the movements of his prowling camera, in the pairing of shots and situations from different parts of the film, in the gradual muting of the film's colors from flaming orange to blacks and whites as the lovers' passion turns to calculation. There is density in the plot construction, a maze that Ned must negotiate to save his life. *Body Heat* has more narrative drive, character congestion and sense of place than any original screenplay since *Chinatown*, *yet it leaves room for some splendid young actors to breathe, to collaborate in creating the film's texture.*

"I see an enormous logjam of talented actors out there," Kasdan says,

Matty, too smart for everybody's good

"and precious few of them have good parts to chew on." *Body Heat* is full of meaty characters and pungent performances—Ted Danson as a tap-dancing prosecutor, J.A. Preston as a dogged detective, and especially Mickey Rourke as a savvy young ex-con who looks and acts as if he could be Ned's sleazier twin brother. Kathleen Turner's Matty mixes come-hither looks with a sultry, baritone voice. This is a creature of fire and ice, with no intermediate shadings of warmth or aloofness. Thanks largely to her presence, *Body Heat* is a film to be seen at a drive-in, on a heavy summer night, with someone you trust.

At the center of the film—as he was in *Altered States* and *Eyewitness*—is William Hurt. Here again he plays the bright, likable guy who follows an obsession and takes the moviegoer along on the trip; he is both anchor and sail. For an actor trained to stage work, Hurt has remark-

able economy of gesture. He acts with his eyes and his voice: under pressure, his head snaps into a stare that means to burn into the viewer's skull, and his voice exhales intellectual urgency, as if a dangerous possibility had just slapped him on the back. He seems at once charmingly reasonable and wildly driven—a watcher and a leader. This is what distinguishes Hurt from explosive actors like Richard Dreyfuss and Al Pacino: where they are forever displaying their most manic emotions, he keeps something secret, in reserve. But the careers of Garbo, De Niro and Mitchum indicate that audiences never tire of trying to fathom those mysteries. *Body Heat* offers the best chance yet to study this electrifying enigma.

■ ■ ■

"He's totally focused, assured, authoritative," says Larry Kasdan, "and his range astounds me. His power is both raw and refined." Marshall W. Mason, his director at Manhattan's Circle Repertory Company, praises his "generosity and anger, his sensitivity and scathing sense of humor—all this and lots of sexual heat." Adds Steve Tesich, who wrote *Eyewitness:* "His future is limited only by his ambition. If he wants to join the two or three male superstars, it's there for him to achieve." Sally Kellerman, as a cynical singer in PBS's *Verna USO Girl*, put it more directly when she first laid eyes on William Hurt: "Now that's what I call a gorgeous hunk of man."

Hurt, 31, doesn't read reviews, but he has heard this said about him before —in 1977 when he appeared in Corinne Jacker's *My Life* at Circle Rep as a young physicist "swimming in memories" (Christopher Reeve played his grandfather), and in 1980 after his theatrical film debut as a young scientist swimming toward his primal past in *Altered States*. He heard it when he played Hamlet and originated the Kenneth Talley Jr. role in *The Fifth of July* at Circle Rep; he will surely hear it again when *Body Heat* opens next week. The verdict is in, the course is set: this blond, hunky six-footer will be the Wasp movie idol of the '80s.

Just now, though, as he prowls in blue Med Corps shirt and faded jeans through the Manhattan apartment he shares with New York City Ballet Dancer Sandra Jennings, Hurt sounds more like the theology student he was at Tufts University in the late '60s. "We were never meant to understand," he says with Byronic intensity. "We don't cause events, and we certainly can't hope to control them. But we can be amazed by them, and enjoy our amazement. That's what theater is —and, I think, film can be—a compact made between the artists and the audience to witness and to sing."

The searching man was a wandering boy. He spent his early childhood in the South Pacific, where his father was director of trust territories for the State Department. Bill attended Eastern prep schools, spent his senior year of college in England, then traveled to Australia and worked on a sheep farm. "I assisted in the birth of many sheep—they're really dumb animals, they'd come out feet first. But I found that doing what you want to do—and for me, for now, it's acting—is like those sheep giving birth: it's pulling your past up with love and pain. I've found something that I love doing, and the pain goes with it, and the pain is worth it. It says: 'See how good this feels? You ain't felt nothin' yet. C'mon, let's expose the wounds and see how far you can go.' That's where I want to go."

Hurt, who is divorced from Actress Mary Beth Hurt, rejected several substantial movie roles before making *Altered States*, and frequently returns "home" to Circle Rep. This summer he spent four weeks alternating the lead role in Romulus Linney's *Childe Byron* with a bit part in Jim Leonard Jr.'s *The Diviners*, and next March he is slated to play Richard II

Director Kasdan with his leading man

All this and lots of sexual heat.

—a perfect role for this intense monarch of metaphors. "When I present a part on the stage, it is to make my life better. When that doesn't happen, I will stop."

Film work seems less central to his concerns and his demands. Asked about his grueling 18 months making *Altered States*, he replies: "Have you ever been beaten up on the street? Well, working on a film set is easier." But he lavishes praise on Larry Kasdan, who, like Marshall Mason, offers actors that precious directorial commodity: trust. After *Altered States*, *Eyewitness* and *Body Heat*, Hurt may be said to have mastered the craft. But he won't say it. "I respect what people have told me," he says. "If I make it to 40, I might be a good actor. With these three films, I think I've finally passed kindergarten in film acting—with honors, even. Now I want to see what first grade is like."

—By Richard Corliss

Milestones

DIED. Alvin Feldman, 53, veteran airline executive who had headed Continental Airlines since last year; of an apparently self-inflicted gunshot wound; in Los Angeles. Feldman, whose wife Rosemily died of cancer in 1980, was losing a bitter fight to prevent a takeover of the company by Texas International Airlines (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS)

DIED. James Fisk, 70, physicist who played a leading role in the development of radar and went on to serve as president and chairman of Bell Telephone Laboratories; in Elizabethtown, N.Y. Joining Bell labs, the research division of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., as a technician in 1939, Fisk was instrumental in the development of microwave magnetrons for high-frequency radar during World War II. As head of Bell labs from 1959 to 1973, he supervised pioneering research on transistors, superconductive metals and industrial lasers.

DIED. Joseph Curran, 75, booming-voiced founder and longtime president of the National Maritime Union of America; of cancer; in Boca Raton, Fla. Curran took to the sea at 16, got fired for leading his first strike in 1936 and founded the seamen's union the next year. A rough-and-tumble organizer, he ruled the union from 1937 to 1973, building membership to 100,000 after World War II. Fewer than 20,000 active seamen are members today.

DIED. David Noyes, 83, Chicago journalist and businessman who for 30 years was a counselor to Harry Truman; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. Noyes went to Washington to help organize the War Production Board under Franklin Roosevelt, served as an assistant to Truman at the White House until 1953 and remained a close friend and confidant until the former President's death in 1972, helping with his memoirs. Noyes had a hand in such historic decisions as the building of the atom bomb, the firing of General Douglas MacArthur, the establishment of the Central Intelligence Agency and the launching of the Marshall Plan.

DIED. Karl Böhm, 86, august Austrian conductor celebrated for his lucid, authoritative interpretations, especially of Mozart, Wagner and his friend Richard Strauss; of a stroke; in Salzburg, Austria. Despite the international scope of his appearances and recordings, Böhm remained most closely associated with three great native institutions: the Vienna State Opera (at which he served two stints as director), the Salzburg Music Festival and the Vienna Philharmonic. A stickler for detail who shunned showmanship for clarity and fidelity to the score, he once said: "I bring to conducting my own enthusiasm for the music—and then there are things I know that perhaps others don't."

Composer with a Hot Hand

John Harbison rediscovers the appeal of the human voice

As a boy at summer camp, John Harbison spent more time perfecting his throw from third base to first than studying music. As a teen-age pianist in Princeton, N.J., he found it more rewarding to play jazz than to work on his classical technique. At Harvard, his teacher, Walter Piston, testing his resolve, advised him: "Under no circumstances should you ever be a composer."

John Harbison

Look at him now: winner of the Kennedy Center–Friedheim Award for the best orchestral piece of 1980; one of six composers commissioned to write a symphonic work for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's centennial this year; and, this summer, composer-in-residence at the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival in New Mexico. At 42, Harbison is developing a greater depth of expression with each new work. His heightening eloquence stamps him as a leader in music's humanistic revival—and has made him one of the hottest composers around.

In 1979 Harbison saw productions of his first two operas, *Winter's Tale* and *Full Moon in March*. The past 15 months brought two major premieres: the *Violin Concerto*, which he wrote for his violinist wife Rose Mary, and the *Piano Concerto*, which won the Kennedy Center prize. Earlier this month in Santa Fe, two new Harbison works got their first performances. *Mottetti di Montale* is a darkly elegiac, 50-minute song cycle based on poems by Eugenio Montale, the Italian poet who won the 1975 Nobel Prize for Literature. The *Piano Quintet* is a spare and acerbic five-movement work commissioned by the festival and dedicated to Artist Georgia O'Keeffe.

The *Mottetti*, stylishly performed by Mezzo-Soprano Janice Felty and Pianist Edward Auer, recalls the late Italian composer Luigi Dallapiccola in its lyricism and sophisticated melodic charm. Harbison sets dark, vivid images from Montale's *Le Occasioni* (1939) allusively, often employing the familiar device of musical tone painting. In the ninth poem, for example, the mezzo sings of a darting green lizard, and the piano responds with a scaly slither. But the music is much more than a literal transcription of the poetry, for Harbison has given it a deeper layer of meaning in transforming it into song. The most unstable interval in music, the tritone, stalks the cycle relentlessly, a musical metaphor for the dissolution and decay that mark Montale's poetry.

The *Piano Quintet*, for piano and string quartet, is leaner, harsher and, finally, less successful. It has a distinctively "American" sound derived from Charles Ives, opening with a questioning overture of bold, disjunct octaves. The composer then weakens his argument with three short character pieces that, while agreeable, do nothing to further the work's emotional progress. The finale, however, is a heartfelt *Elegia* that ends with a haunting repeated fragment in the piano, dissolving in resignation and despair.

Harbison writes in a complex yet easily approachable idiom that represents a bridge between postwar formalism and the new conservatism of the past decade. As a young man in the '60s, he was strongly influenced by a pervasive emphasis on form. Music was supposed to be highly organized. "Gestures," "events" and "new sounds," to use the jargon of the period, preoccupied composers as they sought new ways of structuring pieces—often forgetting that music should appeal to more than the intellect. Harbison struggled to combine innovative musical architecture with his lifelong love of melody.

"It took me a long time to reconcile what I felt with the general climate of the times," he says. "But it wasn't a bad thing because it forced me to think. As a composer, I've become more concerned now with melody, but I'm also very interested in what I call questions of large design, the sequence of the way things happen in a piece. The sense of new discourse is very important. Composers who go dry do so because they repeat their forms, not because they repeat their melodic or harmonic idiosyncrasies."

Harbison considers himself first of all a composer of operas, and he is contemplating a new one. "I have been gravitating toward pieces that require refining of my operatic skills," he notes. "I've been choosing, perhaps subconsciously, to write things that contain some sense of a protagonist, things that are overtly dramatic." Concertos, as Mozart proved, are one way to do this, and song cycles another.

In his embrace of opera, Harbison has rediscovered the primacy of the human voice. Not that he wants to write like Verdi. "I'm not nostalgic for tonality," he says. "It is one of the easiest ways of getting a response from an audience, and I'm not terribly interested in it. But you have to let the voice expand. The voice is what holds the listener in the theater."

■ ■ ■

The adventurous Santa Fe Opera is celebrating its 25th anniversary with a season that includes such rarities as Paul Hindemith's *News of the Day*, Igor Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* and Richard Strauss's *Daphne*. But, a few individual performances aside, it has been a dry operatic summer in the Southwest.

Surprisingly, the most successful production was the Hindemith. *News of the Day* is a Brechtian satire from the '20s about an ordinary couple (Soprano Mary Shearer and Baritone William Workman) whose divorce makes worldwide headlines. It's not half the opera that Hindemith's great *Mathis der Maler*—a work that really deserves revival—is, but Lou Galterio's madcap staging made it lively and Bruce Ferden's energetic conducting kept the evening humming. No amount of stage magic by Director Bliss Hebert, however, could save *The Rake's Progress*, the most depressing waste of a good libretto (by W.H. Auden and Chester Kallman) in 20th century opera. Neither Soprano Elizabeth Hynes' touching Anne Trulove nor Raymond Leppard's sympathetic work with the orchestra could raise the music above Stravinsky's cynically pedestrian level. Strauss's *Daphne*, written when the composer was 72, is a tired piece, with only one touch of genius: the wizardry of the instrumental passage depicting the mythic heroine as she turns into a laurel tree. As Daphne, Soprano Roberta Alexander sang with an unusually pure lyric voice. But it's a long wait for the laurels—which will never be awarded to *Daphne* anyway.

—By Michael Walsh

Roberta Alexander in *Daphne*

A green laurel in a dry season

Books

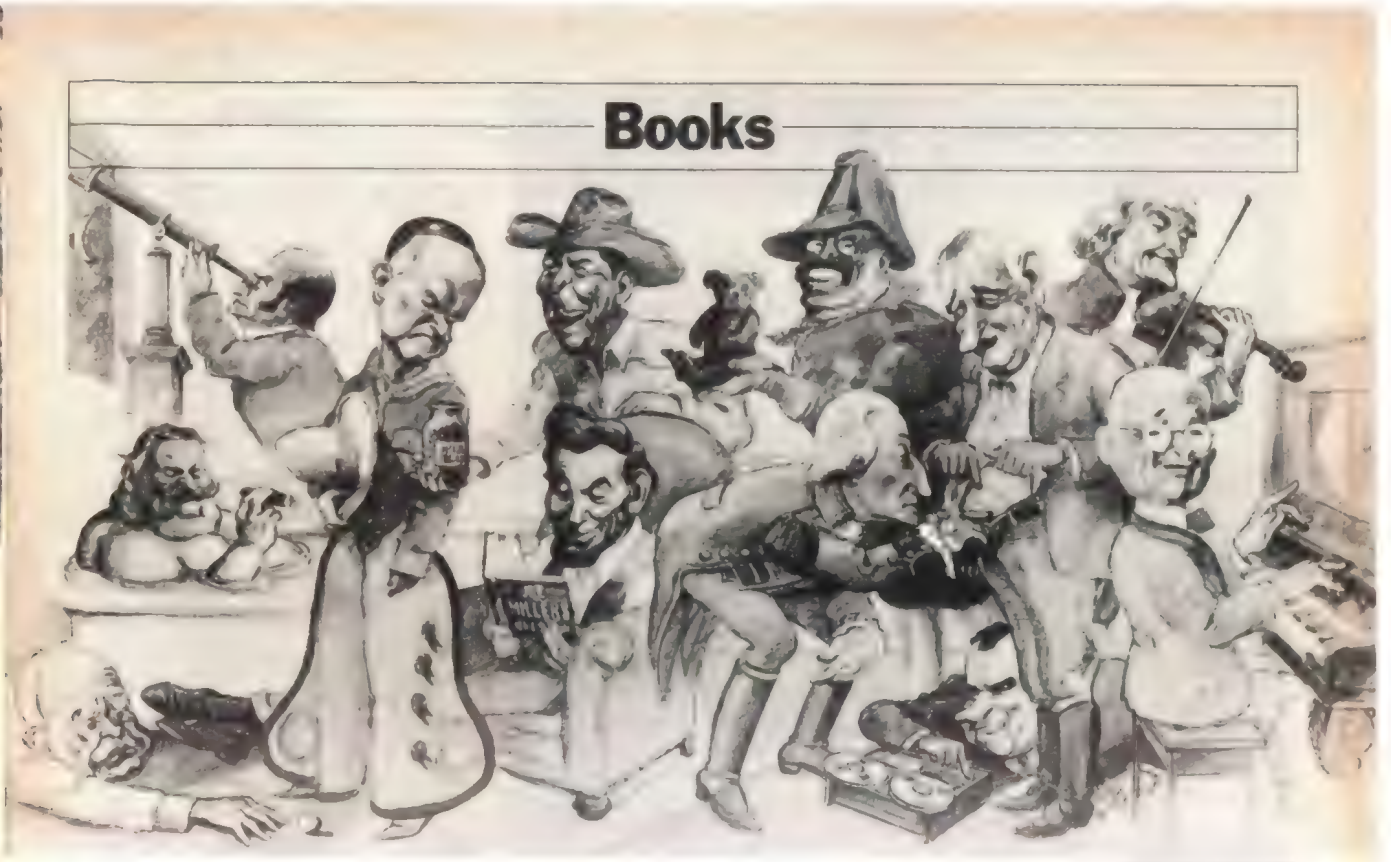


ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD SOREL

Who's Fillmore? What's He Done?

PRESIDENTIAL ANECDOTES *by Paul F. Boller Jr. Oxford; 410 pages. $14.95*

Nowhere does the Constitution stipulate that the nation's Chief Executive must be witty or charming or colorful. Strictly constructing, Presidents have every legal right to be stiffs. A goodly number of them have been. This unavoidable fact makes *Presidential Anecdotes* a rather remote relation to *The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes* (1975), which roamed freely and often hilariously over centuries' worth of British biography and gossip. Historian Paul F. Boller Jr. had to confine himself to the 39 Americans who, for better or worse, served among the acknowledged legislators of the world. Abraham Lincoln is here, but so, unavoidably, are James K. Polk, Martin Van Buren and Millard Fillmore.

Yet the material that Boller has culled is fascinating even when the Presidents are not. Fillmore may have gone down in history as a nonentity, but it is rather touching to learn that he anticipated, and agreed with, this verdict. In 1855 he declined an honorary degree from Oxford University. He seemed eager to avoid the disdain that Oxford students heaped on outsiders: "They would probably ask, 'Who's Fillmore? What's he done?' "

From George Washington on, those elected to the nation's highest office found themselves variously confounded by conflicting demands. They were supposed to be of the people but a little above them, too; woe to them if they did not run the Executive Branch efficiently, and equal woe if they failed at improvident spellbinding. Small talk seems to have flummoxed some of them. During the 1824 campaign, John Quincy Adams was approached by an old farmer, who said: "My wife, when she was a gal, lived in your father's family; you were then a little boy; and she has often combed your head." Adams' reply effectively sank the exchange: "Well, I suppose she combs yours now." William Howard Taft's advisers desperately tried to hide his poor memory for names and faces. It did not work. Approached by a voter at one rally, Taft blurted out: "They tell me I ought to remember you, but bless my soul, I cannot recall you at all."

Then there was the matter of pressing the flesh. Polk and William McKinley both developed extensive theories about the best way to shake many hands without pain or injury; Lyndon Johnson could extend a normal greeting into something like a mugging. Some Presidents failed handshaking. Benjamin Harrison's grip was likened to "a wilted petunia," while one newsman described Woodrow Wilson's as "a ten-cent pickled mackerel in brown paper."

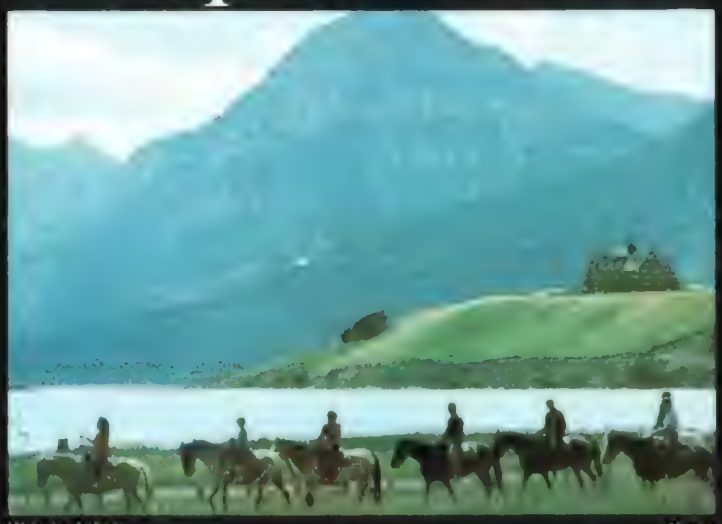
People over 40 remember Harry Truman's morning walks around Washington, but earlier Presidents were even more accessible. During the 19th century, occupants of the White House spent an inordinate amount of time listening to favor-seekers who walked in off the street. Lincoln seems to have been particularly besieged. One group urged him to appoint their candidate as Commissioner of the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands because he was in poor health and would benefit from the climate. Lincoln replied: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man." And J.Q. Adams used to enjoy strolling out in the early morning and swimming nude in the Potomac.

Such a scene is, sadly, unimaginable

Excerpt

"[Calvin Coolidge's] Vermont neighbors decided to recognize his devotion to the old family farm ... by giving him a handmade rake. The orator who presented the rake ... dwelt at length on the qualities of the hickory wood from which it was made. 'Hickory,' he said, 'like the President, is sturdy, strong, resilient, unbroken.' Then he handed the rake to Coolidge, and the audience settled back for his speech of acknowledgment. Coolidge turned the rake over, looked at it carefully, and said: 'Ash.' "

Spectacular



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Canada

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She was left in Korea by her American serviceman father . . . left to a culture that believes the child is the nationality of its father. So Suzy belongs to *no country!*

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For just $21.00 a month, children like Suzy Lee are given food, clothing, education . . . hope for a future where they will belong.

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Suzy really belongs to us . . . for in the eyes of the world, half-Americans *ARE* Americans!

P.S. Please write or call for sponsor information, 1-800-523-5328. If you can't support a child of your own, will you send $5, $10 or $20 and help keep a child alive for a day, a week, a month, while we seek out a permanent sponsor?

The Pearl S. Buck Foundation, Inc.
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Books

now. Presidents can no longer mingle, much less skinny-dip, in public (the last paragraphs in the book list some of Ronald Reagan's quips after the attempt on his life last March). All Presidents faced potential danger, of course, and assassination antedates the modern era. But *Presidential Anecdotes* is a reminder that the office was not always the fishbowl it has become. Presidents used to bump into people who did not recognize them. On the way to a reception, Ulysses S. Grant shared an umbrella with a stranger, who said: "I have never seen Grant, and I merely go to satisfy a personal curiosity. Between us, I have always thought that Grant was a very much overrated man." Grant's response was just right: "That's my view also."

Perhaps George Washington erred when he stifled the attempt of some supporters to make him King. A monarchy and its trappings might have freed future elected officeholders from the onerous duties of pomp and ceremony. Yet the presidency has stumbled through its ribbon cuttings, receiving lines and mumbled gaffes. *Presidential Anecdotes* is an entertaining thumbnail history of how this survival occurred. —*By Paul Gray*

Making It News

A BISHOP'S CONFESSION
by Jim Bishop
Little, Brown; 462 pages; $15.95

Jim Bishop's father liked to lecture his son about how, in his own days as an altar boy in Jersey City, he had been upbraided by the parish priest for yawning at a funeral. So when his father died, Bishop spent the requiem Mass watching an altar boy. "He almost made it to the end. Then the palm of his hand came up to his mouth. He yawned." Just one of death's little ironies, the kind that Bishop ran through his Smith-Corona portable for such bestsellers as *The Day Lincoln Was Shot* (1955), *The Day Christ Died* (1957), *The Day Kennedy Was Shot* (1968).

Now 73, and still sparing no detail, he gives his own story the Bishop treatment. "I reached into my sagging trouser pockets and pulled out a kitchen match," he writes of his first encounter, at age 14, with an unclad female in a dark room. "I struck it on my shoe and, when the flame flared, I held it high up between Tessie's thighs to ascertain the what and the where. For no reason whatever, the girl popped straight up in the air screaming." He barely graduated from the eighth grade and was fired from every job his father got him until, at 21, he became a copy boy at the New York *Daily News*. He fell in love. "Silence. The sound of dust settling . . . I waited. It came—the dull tentative growl of presses. It was slow. It gathered confidence. The hollow sound, like a train approaching a tunnel, hit its stride, and the floor, the walls, the ceiling trembled as

though in fear of the news they had spawned." He lasted a year.

Broadway Columnist Mark Hellinger got him a reporter's job at Hearst's *Mirror* and taught him to write short sentences that tugged at the heartstrings. Bishop tugged away off and on for twelve years at the *Mirror*, drifted through jobs as a ghost writer for Hellinger, became an editor at *Collier's* and ended up as a freelancer, mired in drink, depression and debt.

At age 45, he dragged out a collection of notes he had been accumulating on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The resulting book became a six-figure success, translated into 14 languages. Bishop was unexpectedly rich and courted. The Hearst organization signed him to write a syndicated column, and his *Christ* book became a bigger hit than *Lincoln*: "Ministers from around the nation were writing to say that I inspired them

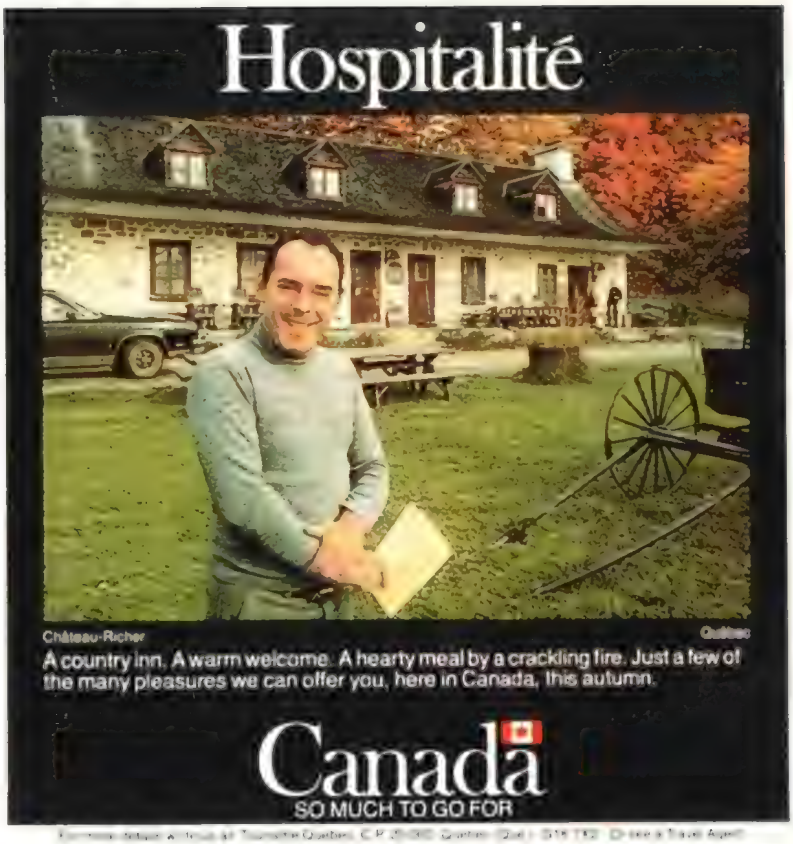
Jim Bishop

Tugging at the heartstrings

in their work. This is not amusing to a man who has stopped going to church."

In 1964 Bishop set out to trace J.F.K.'s last day. Robert Kennedy and Jacqueline conspired to silence his sources and made sure that their hand-picked author, William Manchester, beat him into print by a year. Nevertheless, Bishop's assassination chronicle became a bestseller, as did his books on Lyndon Johnson, Martin Luther King Jr. and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Bishop offers some inside glimpses: J.F.K. changing clothes from the skin out five times a day, L.B.J. inviting Bishop for a shower-side interview and then going to hilarious lengths to conceal his private parts, the callous behavior of the white medical examiners who conducted the autopsy on Martin Luther King's body.

But Bishop has written about these people elsewhere. His accounts of his own maddening family seem fresher. His fa-



Do you get input when Tony Randall gets information?

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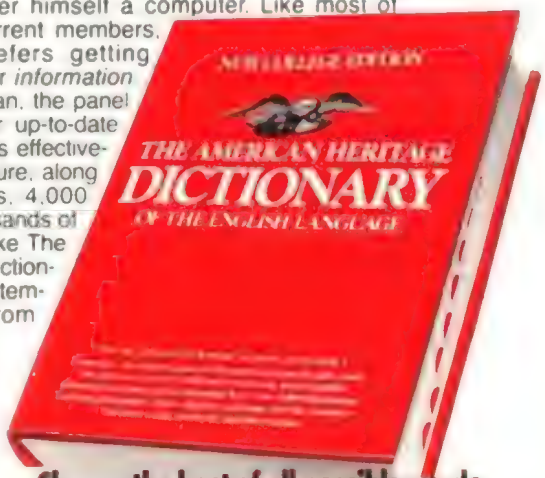

Choose the best of all possible words.

ther was a 250-lb. police lieutenant who read the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* volume by volume. He moved in across town with a neighbor's wife when Jim was a boy, and came slinking back 16 years later, his police career wrecked by the scandal. After Bishop's first wife died in 1957, he married the divorced wife of a cousin, scandalizing his Irish Catholic relatives only slightly less than his father had.

Now, having outlived even his Smith-Corona, Bishop lives contentedly in Florida. "I had a glassy, superficial style and a seasoned touch for saying a lot in a few words," he says of his life's work. He is too modest. Bishop had strong legs, a sharp eye and, perhaps his greatest gift, a keen appreciation for fate's small amusements. The day Jim Bishop dies, keep an eye on the altar boy. —*By Donald Morrison*

Sea Changes

JOSEPH CONRAD
by Roger Tennant
Atheneum; 276 pages; $16.95

Most writers sail the oceans of their imaginations. Joseph Conrad navigated real oceans and lived a life full of adventure, conflict and drama. Perhaps that is the reason why his characters continue to haunt contemporary fiction and film, and scholars keep expanding the Conrad industry. Frederick Karl's monumental but plodding 1979 biography now holds the record for sheer size at 1,008 pages. A new book by the novelist's son John, *Joseph Conrad: Times Remembered* (Cambridge University Press), offers filial recollections and depicts the writer as a martinet, trying mightily to overcome his natural reserve, able to show his family little open affection, and perpetually striving for a financial security that was always just beyond reach.

But none of the recent Conrad books is more manageable—or readable—than Roger Tennant's new study. Tennant examines both the work and the self-manufactured legend, carefully separating rumor, romance and fact. The result is a concise work that offers a new understanding of the Pole, born Józef Konrad Korzeniowski, who became a great writer in a language he had difficulty speaking.

The novelist, who saw himself as "Pole, Catholic and Gentleman," left his native country at age 16. Between then and the age of 40, he voyaged all over the world, soaking up South American background for stories like *Nostromo* and *Gaspar Ruiz*, working on sailing ships, where his experiences served as the basis for *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. He joined a steamship expedition up the Congo, which became the setting for *Heart of Darkness*. The circumstances of his life would seem to require little exaggeration, but Conrad loved to romanticize everything, including himself. As Tennant shows, he probably never ran guns to Spain's Carlist rebels, as he later claimed.

But Conrad, who rarely dealt with women or love in his books, did manage to have a great and unfulfilled passion for at least one woman, Janina Taube, the first love of his Cracow schooldays. "To the end of his life," writes Tennant, "Conrad would record no other occasion on which his heart leaped or his breath was taken away, and indeed it may be that in a sense this was his deepest sexual experience." Conrad was cooler and more practical in his feelings toward Jessie George, the Englishwoman he married in 1896 and used as a servant for most of her life. Nor did he manage to make and keep many friends. Only Ford Madox Ford, with whom he collaborated, and the sickly Stephen Crane became more than colleagues. But the absence of intimacy bothered Conrad far less than the lack of success. His letters to friends, editors and agents speak constantly of his ambition, his frustration and his need for additional advances. The letters also attest to Conrad's unbounded faith in his talent. "I too hope to find my place in the rear of my betters," Conrad wrote, echoing Rostand's Cyrano. "But still my place."

Joseph Conrad
"Pole, Catholic and Gentleman."

Conrad did eventually find his literary place, but never the financial security to which he aspired. Critical successes like *Almayer's Folly* and *Lord Jim* produced little money. Like most authors, Conrad was bitter about writers whose books were inferior but sold better.

Biographer Tennant, 62, is an Australian who grew up within sight of the wreckage of Conrad's ship the *Otago* and is now vicar of a parish in the English village of Bitteswell. He confesses a lifelong affinity for his subject. But he is not blind to Conrad's flaws: his permanent adolescence, the convoluted prose, the simple plots that made Vladimir Nabokov condemn the *oeuvre* as "boys' books." Yet Tennant also recognizes that Conrad's obsession with moral dilemmas had a profound influence on such later novelists as George Orwell and Graham Greene. Even Ernest Hemingway, not noted for generosity to his literary forebears, recognized his debt to Conrad shortly after the master's death in 1924. "If I knew that by grinding Mr. Eliot into a fine dry powder and sprinkling that powder over Mr. Conrad's grave Mr. Conrad would shortly appear, looking very annoyed at the forced return, and commence writing, I would leave for London early tomorrow with a sausage grinder." Tennant brings Conrad back to life—without the sausage grinder. —*By Peter Stoler*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Dad, *William Wharton* • Ellis Island & Other Stories, *Mark Helprin* • On Heroes and Tombs, *Ernesto Sábato* • Outside Over There, *Maurice Sendak* • Riddley Walker, *Russell Hoban* • The Testament, *Elie Wiesel* • Zuckerman Unbound, *Philip Roth*

NONFICTION: The Eisenhower Diaries, *edited by Robert H. Ferrell* • Jefferson and His Time: The Sage of Monticello, *Dumas Malone* • The Lord God Made Them All, *James Herriot* • Mornings on Horseback, *David McCullough* • Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, *Jacobo Timerman* • Within the Whirlwind, *Eugenia Ginzburg*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Cujo, *King*
2. The Third Deadly Sin, *Sanders (1 last week)*
3. Noble House, *Clavell (2)*
4. Goodbye, Janette, *Robbins (3)*
5. The Glitter Dome, *Wambaugh (4)*
6. God Emperor of Dune, *Herbert (5)*
7. Gorky Park, *Smith (6)*
8. Night Probe!, *Cussler (7)*
9. The Cardinal Sins, *Greeley (8)*
10. License Renewed, *Gardner (9)*

NONFICTION

1. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel (1)*
2. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (2)*
3. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot (3)*
4. Living Alone and Liking It, *Shahan*
5. Miss Piggy's Guide to Life, *Piggy with Beard (9)*
6. How to Make Love to a Man, *Penney (5)*
7. Theory Z, *Ouchi (6)*
8. The Eagle's Gift, *Castaneda (8)*
9. The Cinderella Complex, *Dowling (10)*
10. The Hite Report on Male Sexuality, *Hite (7)*

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A Shock of Pleasure from the '50s

The Golden Age of Television, *beginning Aug. 24, PBS stations*

It passed by so quickly that most people did not even recognize it, and only later was the decade that began in 1948 crowned the Golden Age of Television. But was it real gold or just a teary gleam in the eyes of TV's founding fathers? Until now, it was impossible to say. Videotape was unknown back then, and since all the shows were done live, even the most famous were seen once, and once only. A few kinescopes—16-mm films shot directly off the TV screen—do exist, however, and from now through March, eight of them will be shown on more than 150 PBS stations. For the first time we have an answer: there really was a Golden Age.

That is dazzlingly clear from the first four programs, the only ones yet available for viewing. *Marty*, starring Rod Steiger and Nancy Marchand, begins the series. Then, dribbled out one a month, come *Bang the Drum Slowly*, with Paul Newman, Albert Salmi and George Peppard; *No Time for Sergeants*, with Andy Griffith; and *The Days of Wine and Roses*, with Cliff Robertson and Piper Laurie. After them come *The Comedian*, with Mickey Rooney, and *A Doll's House*, with Julie Harris and Jason Robards. The last two shows in the series have not yet been chosen. The producers are still searching for such treasures as the kinescope of a 1955 version of *The Petrified Forest*, which teamed Humphrey Bogart, who had played the original Duke Mantee, with a new Gabrielle—Lauren Bacall. Gold must have looked like brass in those days, so casually were now priceless kinescopes discarded.

These are not ordinary reruns, and it is probable that most viewers will react to them not just with pleasure but with shock and astonishment. What no one could have realized until now is that television has not only changed since the '50s, with color and a dozen other technical advances, it has been transformed. It is, indeed, scarcely the same medium. The TV of the '80s is no more like that of the '50s than talking movies are like silents. The loss, it might be added, is immeasurable.

Until videotape was perfected in the '60s, everything that the viewer saw at home was happening before his eyes. Mistakes were common. One writer remembers watching with horror as two actors who were supposed to be dead received an early cue and rose before the camera moved away. Nothing so clumsy happens in this series, but a close observer will hear Paul Newman fluff a line in *Bang the Drum* and see that after Andy Griffith spills a drink on his shirt in *No Time for Sergeants*, he does not change it for inspection the next morning. No matter. There is an excitement in a live performance that technical perfection cannot duplicate.

That, of course, was the experience of the theater. Most of the shows were produced in Manhattan, with Broadway only a few blocks away. Hollywood and the movie industry looked upon television with open hostility, and movie actors who appeared on the tube were seen as renegades. New York was more hospitable, and in crowded studios a revolution was taking place.

Nancy Marchand and Rod Steiger in *Marty*

Andy Griffith telling stories in *Sergeants*

Paul Newman advising Albert Salmi in *Bang the Drum*

Live action imposed limitations too. Treks up mountainsides, car crashes and a thousand other things that are depicted now could only be suggested then. Before he changed a scene, a scriptwriter had to be certain that he had given an actor enough time to run from one studio to another. Yet it is from those limitations that the gold was spun. Since he could not show extraordinary happenings, the writer had to settle for the ordinary, for everyday events like a conversation at the breakfast table or an argument in a bedroom —things that could be recorded by three cameras on one set. Plot was less important than character development, and there was, compared with today, little movement. A modern director doubtless would be fired immediately if he let his camera linger on a single scene, as Delbert Mann did, with considerable effect, in *Marty*.

Most shows then were an hour, or about 50 minutes without the commercials. Paddy Chayefsky likened them to short stories; "miniature works," he called them. The phrase is apt: none of these dramas has the scope of a *Shōgun* or a *Roots*. At the same time, many people may be surprised to discover that the years have not brought greater sophistication, as is commonly supposed. Television was more mature in infancy than it is in middle age. Life was viewed as it is —too complicated to be tied up in a neat conclusion.

What ever happened to the Golden Age? Well, it died, even before Dwight Eisenhower left the White House. Many shows were put on film, then taped; increasing costs made live programming almost a luxury; production was moved from New York to Los Angeles. The TV networks discovered that they could draw a more consistent audience with series, which had predictable characters and situations, than they could with "anthologies," dramas and comedies that changed every week. "All things considered, I suspect that the Golden Age for the dramatist is at hand," said TV Writer Gore Vidal in 1956, glowing with uncharacteristic enthusiasm, about the promise of television. Like most other people, he expected that the medium would get better as it got bigger. But the Golden Age of Television was then and there—and almost over.

—By Gerald Clarke

Essay

What Does an Oath Mean?

In the wistful inner ear, one imagines a soft transcontinental buzz, the sound of 13,000 consciences alert and intricately working. "Well," says each troubled voice, "I'd like to strike. I think we have plenty of reason to strike—wages, hours, job strain. But I signed an oath when I took the job. It would be dishonorable to strike. We have to find some other way."

Just hearing things, of course—like listening for waves in a sea shell. It did not occur to the air-traffic controllers to deliver that sort of archaic soliloquy, haunted by scruples. Most of them judged, briskly enough, that their desire for a 32-hour week and a minimum of $30,462 per year superseded the oath to which they once put their signatures.

For a moment the issue of the violated oath did not come clear. It was deflected a little by a legal question: Don't all workers have a right to strike? Yes, said the American Civil Liberties Union. Not if they are government employees, said a 1947 law and the Reagan Administration. The strikers chose the A.C.L.U.'s view of things.

But beyond transient legalities, the strike opened the door upon a more primitive question: What is the worth (moral, financial, mystical) of a person's oath? What do we mean when we promise, when we vow, when we pledge our word? Whatever their union's legal case may be, the controllers did take an oath; was that not a binding deed? Many Americans found themselves distantly disturbed that what was once a matter of some human solemnity should be brushed aside as if it were merely a technical detail. The social edifice shuddered slightly; down in the basement, a dusty little taboo fell off a shelf and shattered.

All societies are held together by an immensely intricate webbing of mutual obligation (and perhaps by an equal and opposite network of betrayal). The system starts with nods and smiles and wordless understandings; it elaborates itself interminably through certain assumptions, casual promises, oral agreements, laborious plans, written contracts and formal vows, and ends finally in that thunderous atavism, the solemn oath: the promise with a jolt of the sacred in it, the upraised hand, the divinity standing by to witness.

With such access to the absolute, the oath has always been promiscuously and even dangerously overemployed. It works efficiently enough as a device to keep court witnesses and public officials moderately honest; there, the sworn word is directly connected to deeds and penalties (perjury charges or impeachment). Ronald Reagan had no trouble making such a connection for the air-traffic controllers. But the dictatorial and the insecure have always been fond of the oath as a way to enforce orthodoxy, to lay down a prior restraint upon people's opinions. During the 1950s the loyalty oath turned into a destructively pervasive American genre, with a legion of earnest patriots afoot, like the ghost in *Hamlet*, crying, "Swear!"

In the first torchlight of the primeval, oaths worked by the magic of the words themselves; later, they glowed with the power of the gods, who were invented to officiate at melodramas. Oaths should be sparingly used and specifically targeted. Their imposing solemnity can shade without warning into the preposterous, into peeled grapes on pledge night, a witch doctoring oogly-boogly like the oath that Tom Sawyer's gang swore in the cave.

One reason why oathing gets overdone is that it is so inherently dramatic, even a form of fanaticism, a way of connecting (spuriously sometimes) to the Absolute. Knights, crusaders, saints and opera singers are forever swearing: it is a lovely plot device. Ahab swears his vengeance on the whale. In *Don Giovanni*, Ottavio vows to avenge the Commendatore by raising his fruity tenor to Donna Anna: "*Lo giuro, lo giuro/ lo giuro agli occhi tuoi/ lo giuro al nostro amor*" (I swear it, I swear it/ I swear it by your eyes/ I swear it by our love). Was there ever a prettier oath? It is a form of hero's brag. That may explain why politicians are so reckless with hyperbolic promise. (Douglas MacArthur: "I shall return," a wonderful item of mythic public relations.) Like the ancient kings of Mexico, they like to swear that they will cause the sun to rise, the rain to fall, the crops to grow. Spiro Agnew once told the American people: "I have often been accused of putting my foot in my mouth, but I will never put my hand in your pockets." Jimmy Carter kept fixing America with his china-blue eyes and swearing: "I will never lie to you"—a daredevil approach to his profession.

Oaths have their sinister uses. They can turn into weapons to coerce and restrict. The solemn oath, of course, is not a bad way to lie. The Mafia enforces silence with an oath, and the blood oath over the centuries has killed more people than a medieval plague. But, in a free society, the oath has a crucial ceremonial function. The Hippocratic Oath reminds new doctors of their obligation, of the human context of their calling. An immigrant knows that the oath of citizenship is spiritually, almost physically, nourishing. His oath is a symbolic drama of community.

But the oath is not faring very well now. Americans, a mobile and litigious people, nimble through the loopholes, do not like to be mired down in too many promises. Getting stuck in an old promise looks more and more like a sucker's game: both morals and interest rates change too fast. Baseball players renegotiate their contracts all the time.

The idea that morality is merely subjective has been subversive. Americans claim exemption under what might be called the Doctrine of Discontinuous Selves: if people are forever "growing" and "going through changes," then the man who swore the oath, say, three years ago, is not the same one now called upon to live up to it. This discontinuous series of new selves, emotionally different selves, scatters the mind. It makes for a short moral attention span.

An anti-institutional bias has also been hard on oaths. So has that low-grade chronic ache (inflation, partly, and the erosion of dreams) that tells Americans so often that their society has not fulfilled its end of the social contract. Americans do not find themselves harmonizing much on Robert Frost's lonely, manly lines: "But I have promises to keep/ And miles to go before I sleep/ And miles to go before I sleep."

But promises, contracts and oaths are the acts of will and intelligence and anticipation that make a society coherent, that hold it together. If they cannot be trusted, then the whole structure begins to wobble. If the air-traffic controllers do not care to recite Frost, they might consider William Murray, Britain's Solicitor General in the 18th century: "No country can subsist a twelvemonth where an oath is not thought binding, for the want of it must necessarily dissolve society."

—By Lance Morrow

Illustration for TIME by Michael C. Witte

FORD ESCORT. BUILT TO TAKE ON THE WORLD... AND DOING IT.

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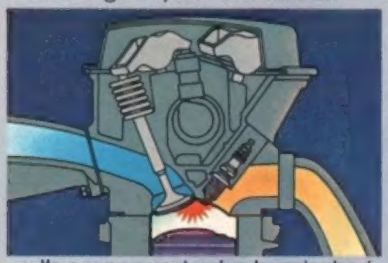
When this ad went to press, the American-built Ford Escort was outselling every import car line.†

And no wonder: Ford engineers worldwide teamed up to create this technologically advanced car.



Its compound valve hemispherical head engine gives you high mileage combined with power for freeway driving.

The manual transmission has a 4th gear overdrive standard. A new split-torque automatic is available.

The body design is as aerodynamic as some sports cars. Special steel, high-strength steel, reduces weight without sacrificing solidity.

Result: the compact Escort has better gas mileage ratings than subcompacts like VW Rabbit, Honda Accord, Toyota Corolla Hatchback—and, based on EPA Volume Index, more interior room, too.

44 EST HWY* **30** EPA EST MPG*

*Applies only to sedan without power steering or A/C. For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual hwy mileage and Calif. ratings lower. Excludes diesels.

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Four-wheel independent suspension smooths the ride, grips the road. And for precise handling, there's rack-and-pinion steering.

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Escort has a chassis lubricated for life, 30,000 mile spark plugs, self-adjusting brakes and clutch, and the body is cathodically electrocoated to fight rust.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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